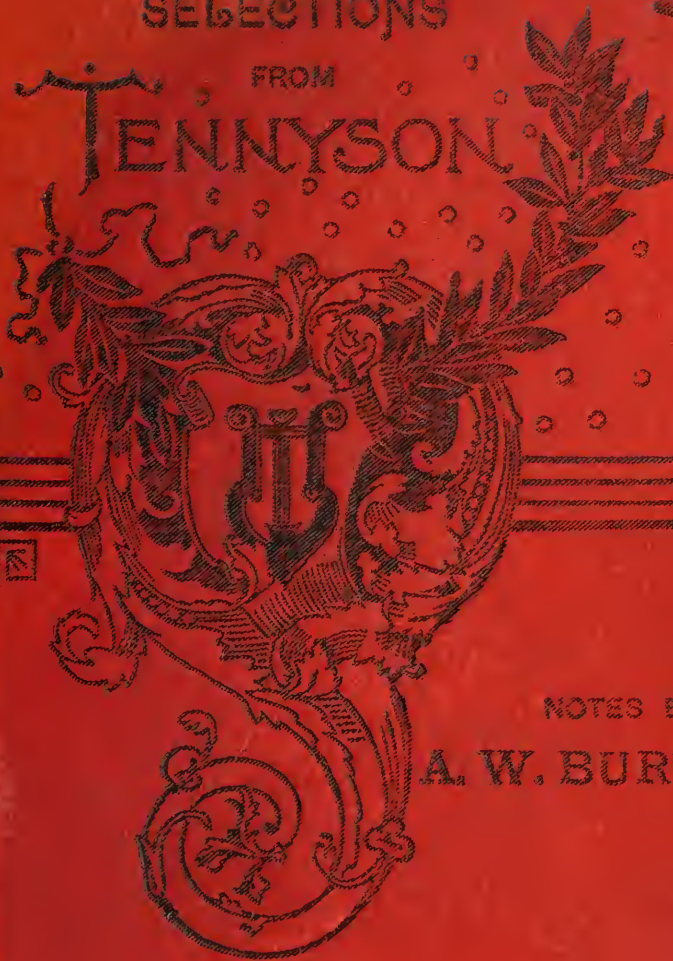


SELECTIONS

FROM

TENNYSON



NOTES BY

A. W. BURT, B.A.

THE CORR, CLARK COMPANY, LML, TORONTO

16/82  
Qualities that adapt thought to intellect -  
simple, abstract, clear, unambiguous, concise  
impressive, forcible, vigorous, rapid, clear.  
Qualities that adapt thought to feeling -  
Emotional - Pathos, Romance, Idealism, Humanity,  
Imagery (poetic).

Aesthetic - Picturesque, Imagery, Sound, Place  
Elegant - Distinct, Harmonious, Pleasant, Forceful  
Graceful - Elegant, Subtle, Amusing.  
Adapted to sense -  
Adapted to feeling -

M. W. MATCHETT.  
Box 621  
Peterboro, - Ont.

Reed

Reed (Common Reed)

*Phragmites communis*

*Phragmites communis*

*Phragmites communis*

*Phragmites communis*

Phragmites


*Phragmites communis*

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*Phragmites communis*



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# Imagination

1. Vividness of concepts and portrayal.
2. Ideality and beauty.
3. Personification.
4. Freedom.
- (5.) Ideal creation.

## Sense.

1. Meaning.
2. Propriety.
3. Effect.

M. W. MATCHETT.  
Box 621  
Peterboro, - Ont.



ENGLISH POETICAL LITERATURE FOR 1892.

FOR

University Matriculation and Departmental Teaching Examination

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SELECTIONS FROM  
TENNYSON

ANNOTATED

BY

A. W. BURT, B.A.,

*Brockville Collegiate Institute.*

M. W. MATCHETT.

Box 621

Peterboro, - Ont.

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Toronto:

THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED.

1891.

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## SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, by MACMILLAN & Co., London, England, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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## NOTES TO SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON

BY A. W. BURT, B.A.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, by THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY (LIMITED), Toronto, Ontario, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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M. W. MATCHETT  
Box 621  
Peterboro, - Ont.

## PREFACE.

In annotating this selection from the works of Tennyson, my aim has been to foster a love of poetry, while giving the student such assistance as I think should be sufficient to enable him to comprehend the poet's thoughts, and such guidance as may lead him to do his work systematically and thoroughly. The arrangement of the various parts of this book I have made conform, as nearly as possible, to the method of work recommended in the introductory chapter on the Study of Poetry. This order can, of course, be departed from by any teacher or student who prefers a different mode of proceeding.

I have availed myself, in the preparation of my work, of every means of assistance at my command. For the facts stated in the life of Tennyson, I am indebted to an article in *Harper's Magazine*, by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, to *In Tennyson's Land*, by J. Cuming Walters, and to *Alfred Tennyson, His Life and Works*, by Alfred Wace. In the preparation of the explanatory notes, I have found Palgrave's edition of *Tennyson's Lyrical Poems* of some service. I have to thank Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, of Clarke University, Worcester, Mass., for information concerning "The Chair of Idris"; and Miss Merry, of Swansea, South Wales, for part of the note on the same passage, for the note on "Flur, the wife of Cassivelaun," and for information concerning the local color-

ing of *Enid and Geraint*. In the chapter on Poetry, the general treatment of the subject was suggested by Herbert Spencer's *Essay on the Philosophy of Style*. For the details of this chapter I have made free use of Lanier's *Science of English Verse*, Gummere's *Poetics*, Bain's *Composition and Rhetoric*, and Genung's *Rhetoric*.

A. W. BURT.

BROCKVILLE, June 3rd, 1891.

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*P.S.*—The Senate of Toronto University has recently decided that in their curriculum “*Enid*” means the latter portion only of Tennyson's story. For the examination next year, therefore, the part required will be from line 852 to the end of the poem. As, however, the end of the story cannot well be understood without a knowledge of the beginning, the student will find it necessary to make frequent reference to the first part of the tale. The whole poem, therefore, is printed in this edition.

A. W. B.

June 22nd, 1891.

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## THE STUDY OF POETRY.

While there is room for difference of opinion as to the manner in which the object of studying poetry may best be attained, there can be, it seems to me, but one opinion as to what that object should be. Poetry is nearly the only subject on our school curriculum that is directly adapted for cultivating a love of the beautiful; so, if our schools are to do their work in promoting a full and harmonious development of mind and character, this means of culture must not be diverted from its proper use. The study of poetry must be made a means of æsthetic rather than of intellectual training. To accomplish this we must be deeply impressed by the beautiful thoughts of the poet, pervaded by the spirit of his work, seeing what he sees, hearing what he hears, and surrendering ourselves to the emotions by which he has been stirred. We must assume a receptive attitude of mind, keeping ourselves, our thoughts and feelings, our prejudices and predilections, as far as possible in the background.

Much less important than the capacity for seeing and enjoying the beautiful, is the power to describe and to criticize the means whereby the impression is produced. Indeed, up to a certain stage of the pupil's development, such critical work is absolutely injurious to his æsthetic culture, and any intellectual benefit that results from it might be gained just as effectively by other means. We must very carefully guard against the tendency in young critics to look for faults rather than for beauties; and to see in a poem nothing but a jumble of figures of speech, qualities of style, simple, complex, compound and

compound-complex sentences, etc., etc. Still, there is a stage of the pupil's development when some critical work may profitably be done. That stage, I think, should be reached by the students for whom this book is intended.

I will now outline the method I have found most effective in leading students to enter into the thought and feeling of the poet. First, they should read the whole poem, so as to be able to understand its general purport. Then they should, if possible, hear it read by one who understands it thoroughly. To read a poem well is to a great extent to interpret it. By good reading, I do not mean the declamation of the elocutionist, but the power to read intelligibly, pleasantly and impressively. Having gained a knowledge of the subject of the poem, the student should next note the thought of each of its main sub-divisions, and observe the relation of these parts to each other and to the whole work.

It will now be profitable to learn something about the conditions under which the work was produced, to know the main facts of the author's life, the places where he has lived and the various influences that have contributed to his development.

Next should come a careful study of the details of the poem ; allusions and difficult words or forms of expression must be explained ; and the poet's feelings understood and, as far as possible, shared by the student. The latter should endeavour to realize the thoughts and pictures that were in the author's mind when the work was produced. If his experience and imagination are insufficient for this, he should, if possible, place himself under conditions as nearly as may be the same as those of the poet. To illustrate the effect of doing this, I will relate some of my own experience in writing the notes on

“Enid.” I had not a clear idea of the picture Tennyson had in mind when he wrote :—

“Breaks from a coppice gemmed with green and red.”

I prepared the first rough draft of my notes during the winter, and, after finding out what I could concerning the characteristics of English woods in spring, came to the conclusion that the red gems were the flowers of the scarlet anemone. When spring came, however, every group of trees with their opening leaf-buds of green or red illustrated the verse. In the same way, if we observe the waves of a body of water on a bright day, we may see the “lovely blue” of the surface on which the light shines “play into” the transparent green of the side that is in shadow, and thus be able to see the picture in the words :

“Where like the shoaling sea, the lovely blue played into green.”

The poet’s descriptions of sounds, too, must be realized in experience, *e. g.*, the force of the line from “The May Queen :”

“The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,”

may be felt if we listen to or remember the sound of the wind in the trees as a storm is rising. So, too, the study of ourselves and of others will enable us to enter into descriptions of human action and feeling. If we study poetry thus, we shall store our minds with beautiful pictures and noble thoughts, and make them ready to receive new impressions of a similar kind.

Our study of the thought of a poem may conclude with an examination of the characters portrayed, and of the truths taught or illustrated.

In all his work the student should be as independent as possible ; he should never consult a note till he has made a conscientious effort to overcome the difficulty with which it deals.

If the work described in the foregoing paragraphs is well done, the student should have gained, besides a clear conception of the thought and vivid impressions of the feeling of the poem, more or less definite ideas of the style. This he may now make the object of systematic study. The method of procedure should be as far as possible comparative, and attention should be directed to beauties rather than to defects. First, the poem may be classified as epic, lyric or dramatic, and placed in the proper subdivision of the class to which it belongs. Then may follow a critical study of the general purport of the poem, of the character and connection of the incidents, and of the portrayal of character. Next, the qualities of the style may be remarked. Then special representative passages may be selected for careful analysis. The use and effect of figures of speech, the sentence structure, the effect of deviations from the normal order of words and the vocabulary should be carefully studied. Of this work, the most important part, I think, is the consideration of the fitness of the words for the places in which they are used. To enable the student to perceive the effect of a poetical form of expression, a prose paraphrase is often of service. So, to test the poet's use of words, synonyms may be suggested in their place. Lastly, we should study the metrical structure of the poem, and its fitness for the theme, attention being drawn to the effect of irregularities in the versification, and to striking examples of harmony of sound and sense.

When we have studied a selection of poems, we may turn again to the writer. As we used a knowledge of his life and environment to enable us to understand his work, so we may now use our knowledge of his work to study the character and range of his genius. We may call to mind the truths he teaches, and consider the scope of his choice of themes and of his style. Finally, we may study the man himself as revealed in his work, his tastes, his sympathies, his character.



We must not regard our study of a poet's work complete until we have committed as much as possible of it to memory. Then, when a beautiful thought or picture is presented to our minds, we may, perhaps, have in store the fitting words to give it utterance, and thus there may come to our poor dumb souls a faint perception of the exquisite delight the poet must feel when he clothes his thoughts in words of melody and power.

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# SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON.

---

## THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright 5  
as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break: 10  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday, 15  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' 20  
the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

25 Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,  
30 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-  
flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and  
hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;  
35 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,  
40 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year :  
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day.  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

## NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

IF you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear, 45  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more  
of me.

To-night I saw the sun set ; he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ; 50  
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May ;  
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse, 55  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high ;  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die. 60

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the  
wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine, 65  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light  
70 You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the  
pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
75 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
80 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;  
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

85 Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green;  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;  
90 Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more;  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;  
95 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

## CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here. 109

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun, 105  
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !  
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there ! 110  
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !  
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.  
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in :  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be, 115  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,  
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :  
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign. 120

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

125 For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
130 And then did something speak to me—I know not what was  
said ;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's  
mine.'  
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.  
135 And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,  
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.  
140 But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;  
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.  
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

145 O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.  
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may  
shine—  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.



O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done  
 The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun— 150  
 For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—  
 And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—  
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast— 155  
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

## YOU ASK ME WHY.

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,  
 Within this region I subsist,  
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till, 5  
 That sober-suited Freedom chose, 2  
 The land, where girt with friends or foes  
 A man may say the thing he will ;

A land of settled government, 4  
 A land of just and old renown, 5 10  
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
 From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head, 7  
 But by degrees to fullness wrought,  
 The strength of some diffusive thought 15  
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute  
 Opinion, and induce a time  
 When single thought is civil crime,  
 20 And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to land  
 The name of Britain trebly great—  
 Tho' every channel of the State  
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

25 Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
 And I will see before I die  
 The palms and temples of the South.

## OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet ;  
 Above her shook the starry lights :  
 She heard the torrents meet.

5 There in her place she did rejoice,  
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

10 Then stept she down thro' town and field  
 To mingle with the human race,  
 And part by part to men reveal'd  
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
 From her isle-altar gazing down,  
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, 15  
 And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
 The wisdom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The falsehood of extremes.

---

LOVE THOU THY LAND.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
 From out the storied Past, and used  
 Within the Present, but transfused  
 Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles, 5  
 Love, that endures not sordid ends,  
 For English natures, freemen, friends,  
 Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,  
 Nor feed with crude imaginings 10  
 The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings  
 That every sophister can lime.

15 Deliver not the tasks of might  
To weakness, neither hide the ray  
From those, not blind, who wait for day,  
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

20 Make knowledge circle with the winds ;  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky  
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :  
Cut Prejudice against the grain :  
But gentle words are always gain :  
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

25 Nor toil for title, place, or touch  
Of pension, neither count on praise :  
It grows to guerdon after-days :  
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch :

30 Not clinging to some ancient saw ;  
Not master'd by some modern term ;  
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm ;  
And in its season bring the law ;

35 That from Discussion's lip may fall  
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—  
Set in all lights by many minds,  
To close the interests of all.

40 For nature also, cold and warm,  
And moist and dry, devising long,  
Thro' many agents making strong,  
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control  
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.  
 We all are changed by still degrees,  
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free 45  
 To ingroove itself with that which flies,  
 And work, a joint of state, that plies  
 Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;  
 For all the past of Time reveals 50  
 A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,  
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife  
 A motion toiling in the gloom—  
 The Spirit of the years to come 55  
 Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits  
 Completion in a painful school ;  
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,  
 New Majesties of mighty States— 60

The warders of the growing hour,  
 But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;  
 And round them sea and air are dark  
 With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd, 65  
 Is bodied forth the second whole.  
 Regard gradation, lest the soul  
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,  
70 And heap their ashes on the head ;  
To shame the boast so often made,  
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star  
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,  
75 To follow flying steps of Truth  
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,  
Must ever shock, like armed foes,  
And this be true, till Time shall close.  
80 That Principles are rain'd in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease  
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,  
But with his hand against the hilt,  
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

85 Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,  
Would serve his kind in deed and word,  
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,  
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke  
90 From either side, nor veil his eyes :  
And if some dreadful need should rise  
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,  
As we bear blossoms of the dead ;  
95 Earn well the thrifty months. nor wed  
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

## LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-  
horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts, 5  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. 10

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ; 15  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would  
be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts 20  
of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one  
so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

25 On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of  
sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me  
wrong ;

30 Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved  
thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing  
hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords  
with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out  
of sight.

35 Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,  
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the  
Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !

40 O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !



Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, 45  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with  
clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee  
down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel  
force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed  
with wine.  
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter  
thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand— 55  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of  
youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less un-  
worthy proved—

Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was  
loved.

65 Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?

70 Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:  
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?  
No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

75 Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to  
proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
80 Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears:

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain. 85  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.  
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast. 90

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's  
heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not 95  
exempt—

Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like  
these?

Every door is barr'd with gold and opens but to golden keys. 100

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy; what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid  
with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour 105  
feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,  
110 When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life.

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would  
yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field.

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

115 And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of  
men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something  
new;

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they  
shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
120 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly  
dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

125 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing  
warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-  
storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were  
furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

- † There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in  
     awe,  
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law. 130
- So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,  
 Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced  
     eye ;
- Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint ;  
 Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to  
     point :
- Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher, 135  
 Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.
- Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
 And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the  
     suns.
- What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful  
     joys,  
 Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's ? 140
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,  
 And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden  
     breast,  
 Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.
- Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn, 145  
 They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :
- Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?  
 I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a  
     thing.
- Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure,  
     woman's pain—
- Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower 150  
     brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with  
mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some  
retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

155 Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil starr'd ;—  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
160 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from  
the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited  
tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

165 There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march  
of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake  
mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and  
breathing space :

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall  
run,

170 Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the  
sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the  
brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are  
wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains, 175  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in 180  
Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us  
range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of  
change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun: 185  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh  
the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree 190  
fall.



Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and  
 holt,  
 Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;  
 For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

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ULYSSES

- It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 5 That hoard/ and sleep, and feed, and know not me,  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
 10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 15 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met;  
 Yet all experience is an arch where thro'  
 20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
 For ever and for ever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
 As tho' to breathe were Life. Life piled on life



Were all too little, and of one to me 25  
 Little remains : but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35  
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45  
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free forcheads—you and I are old ;  
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ; 50  
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep 55  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite

- The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
 60 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.  
 65 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
- 

## ST. AGNES' EVE.

- DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
 Are sparkling to the moon :  
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :  
 May my soul follow soon !  
 5 The shadows of the convent-towers  
 Slant down the snowy sward,  
 Still creeping with the creeping hours  
 That lead me to my Lord :  
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
 10 As are the frosty skies,  
 Or this first snowdrop of the year  
 That in my bosom lies.
- As these white robes are soil'd and dark,  
 To yonder shining ground ;  
 15 As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
 To yonder argent round ;

So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee ;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be. 20  
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors : 25  
The flashes come and go ;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up ! the gates  
Roll back, and far within 30  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea— 35  
The Bridegroom with his bride !

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SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel :

- They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
10       And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
      That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
- How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
      On whom their favours fall !  
15       For them I battle till the end,  
      To save from shame and thrall :  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
      My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
20       Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
      Me mightier transports move and thrill ;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
      A virgin heart in work and will.
- 25       When down the stormy crescent goes,  
      A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
      I hear a noise of hymns :  
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
30       I hear a voice but none are there ;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
      The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
      The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
35       The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
      And solemn chaunts resound between.
- Sometimes on lonely mountain meres  
      I find a magic bark ;  
40       I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
      I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !  
Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides, the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armour that I wear, 70  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes.  
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And thro' the mountain-walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 75 Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :  
 'O just and faithful knight of God !  
 Ride on ! the prize is near.'  
 80 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
 Until I find the holy Grail.

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## ENID.

## THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,  
 A tributary prince of Devon, one  
 Of that great Order of the Table Round,  
 Had married Enid, Yniol's only child,  
 5 And loved her as he loved the light of Heaven.  
 And as the light of Heaven varies, now  
 At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night  
 With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint  
 To make her beauty vary day by day,  
 10 In crimsons and in purples and in gems. \_  
 And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,  
 Who first had found and loved her in a state  
 Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him  
 In some fresh splendour ; and the Queen herself,  
 15 Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done,  
 Loved her, and often with her own white hands

Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveliest,  
 Next after her own self, in all the court.  
 And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
 Adored her, as the stateliest and the best 20  
 And loveliest of all women upon earth.  
 And seeing them so tender and so close,  
 Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.  
 But when a rumour rose about the Queen,  
 Touching her guilty love for Lancelot, 25  
 Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard  
 The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,  
 Not less Geraint believed it; and there fell  
 A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,  
 Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere, 30  
 Had suffer'd, or should suffer any taint  
 In nature: wherefore going to the King,  
 He made this pretext, that his principedom lay  
 Close on the borders of a territory,  
 Wherein were bandit earls and caitiff knights, 35  
 Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
 Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law:  
 And therefore, till the King himself should please  
 To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm,  
 He craved a fair permission to depart, 40  
 And there defend his marches; and the King  
 Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,  
 Allowing it, the Prince and Enid rode,  
 And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores  
 Of Severn, and they past to their own land; 45  
 Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife  
 True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,  
 He compass'd her with sweet observances  
 And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
 Forgetful of his promise to the King, 50

Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,  
 Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,  
 Forgetful of his glory and his name,  
 Forgetful of his pryncedom and its cares.

55 And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.  
 And by and by the people, when they met  
 In twos and threes, or fuller companies,  
 Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him  
 As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,  
 60 And molten down in mere uxoriousness.  
 And this she gather'd from the peoples eyes :  
 This too the women who attired her head,  
 To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,  
 Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more :  
 65 And day by day she thought to tell Geraint,  
 But could not out of bashful delicacy ;  
 While he that watch'd her sadden, was the more  
 Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn  
 70 (They sleeping each by either) the new sun  
 Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,  
 And heated the strong warrior in his dreams ;  
 Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
 And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
 75 The massive square of his heroic breast,  
 And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
 As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
 Running too vehemently to break upon it.  
 And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,  
 80 Admiring him, and thought within herself,  
 Was ever man so grandly made as he ?  
 Then, like a shadow, past the people's talk  
 And accusation of uxoriousness



Across her mind, and bowing over him,  
Low to her own heart piteously she said : 85

‘O noble breast and all-puissant arms,  
Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men  
Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?  
I *am* the cause, because I dare not speak  
And tell him what I think and what they say. 90  
And yet I hate that he should linger here ;  
I cannot love my lord and not his name.  
Far liefer had I gird his harness on him,  
And ride with him to battle and stand by,  
And watch his mightful hand striking great blows 95  
At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.  
Far better were I laid in the dark earth,  
Not hearing any more his noble voice,  
Not to be folded more in these dear arms,  
And darken’d from the high light in his eyes, 100  
Than that my lord thro’ me should suffer shame.  
Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,  
And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,  
Or maybe pierced to death before mine eyes,  
And yet not dare to tell him what I think, 105  
And how men slur him, saying all his force  
Is melted into mere effeminacy ?  
O me, I fear that I am no true wife.’

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,  
And the strong passion in her made her weep 110  
True tears upon his broad and naked breast,  
And these awoke him, and by great mischance  
He heard but fragments of her later words,  
And that she fear’d she was not a true wife,  
And then he thought, ‘In spite of all my care, 115

- For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,  
She is not faithful to me, and I see her  
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall.  
Then tho' he loved and revered her too much  
120 To dream she could be guilty of foul act,  
Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang  
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her  
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.  
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,  
125 And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,  
'My charger and her palfrey;' then to her,  
'I will ride forth into the wilderness;  
For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win,  
I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.  
130 And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress,  
And ride with me.' And Enid asked, amazed,  
'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'  
But he, 'I charge thee, ask not, but obey.'  
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,  
135 A faded mantle and a faded veil,  
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,  
Wherein she kept them folded reverently  
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,  
She took them and arrayed herself therein,  
140 Remembering when first he came on her  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey to her, as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.
- 145 For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before  
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.  
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,  
Before him came a forester of Dean,  
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart

Taller than all his fellows, milky-white, 150  
 First seen that day : these things he told the King.  
 Then the good King gave order to let blow  
 His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.  
 And when the Queen petitioned for his leave  
 To see the hunt, allow'd it easily. 155  
 So with the morning all the court were gone.  
 But Guinevere lay late into the morn;  
 Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love  
 For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt ;  
 But rose at last, a single maiden with her, 160  
 Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood ;  
 There, on a little knoll, beside it stay'd  
 Waiting to hear the hounds ; but heard instead  
 A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,  
 Late also, wearing neither hunting dress 165  
 Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,  
 Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford  
 Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.  
 A purple scarf, at either end whereof  
 There swung an apple of the purest gold, 170  
 Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up  
 To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly  
 In summer suit and silks of holiday.  
 Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,  
 Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace 175  
 Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him :  
 ' Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, ' later than we !'  
 ' Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd, ' and so late  
 That I but come like you to see the hunt,  
 Not join it.' ' Therefore wait with me,' she said ; 180  
 For on this little knoll, if anywhere,  
 There is a good chance that we shall hear the hounds :  
 Here often they break covert at our feet.'

- And while they listened for the distant hunt,  
185 And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,  
King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode  
Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf ;  
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight  
Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful face,  
190 Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.  
And Guinevere, not mindful of his face  
In the King's hall, desired his name, and sent  
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf ;  
Who being vicious, old and irritable,  
195 And doubling all his master's vice of pride,  
Made answer sharply that she should not know.  
'Then will I ask it of himself,' she said,  
'Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried the dwarf ;  
'Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him ;'  
200 And when she put her horse toward the knight,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
Indignant to the Queen ; whereat Geraint  
Exclaiming 'Surely I will learn the name,'  
Made sharply to the dwarf, and asked it of him,  
205 Who answer'd as before ; and when the Prince  
Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,  
Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.  
The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,  
Dyeing it ; and his quick, instinctive hand  
210 Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him :  
But he, from his exceeding manfulness  
And pure nobility of temperament,  
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd  
From ev'n a word, and so returning said :  
215 'I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,  
Done in your maiden's person to yourself :  
And I will track this vermin to their earths :

For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt  
 To find, at some place I shall come at, arms  
 On loan, or else for pledge ; and, being found, 220  
 Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,  
 And on the third day will again be here,  
 So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell.'

'Farewell, fair Prince,' answer'd the stately Queen.  
 'Be prosperous in this journey, as in all ; 225  
 And may you light on all things that you love,  
 And live to wed with her whom first you love;  
 But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
 And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
 Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge, 230  
 Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.'

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard  
 The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,  
 A little vext at losing of the hunt,  
 A little at the vile occasion, rode, 235  
 By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade  
 And valley, with fixt eye following the three.  
 At last they issued from the world of wood,  
 And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,  
 And show'd themselves against the sky and sank. 240  
 And thither came Geraint, and underneath  
 Beheld the long street of a little town  
 In a long valley, on one side whereof,  
 White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose ;  
 And on one side a castle in decay, 245  
 Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine ;  
 And out of town and valley came a noise  
 As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
 Brawling, or like a clamour of the rooks  
 At distance ere they settle for the night. 250

And onward to the fortress rode the three,  
 And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.  
 'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd him to his earth.'  
 And down the long street riding wearily,  
 255 Found every hostel full, and everywhere  
 Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss  
 And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd  
 His master's armour; and of such a one  
 He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in the town?'  
 260 Who told him, scouring still, 'The sparrow-hawk!'

Then riding close behind an ancient churl,  
 Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,  
 Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,  
 Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here!  
 265 Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the sparrow-hawk.'  
 Then riding further past an armourer's,  
 Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,  
 Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,  
 He put the self-same query, but the man  
 270 Not turning round, nor looking at him, said:  
 'Friend, he that labours for the sparrow-hawk  
 Has little time for idle questioners.'  
 Whereat Geraint flashed into sudden spleen:  
 'A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!  
 275 Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead!  
 Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg  
 The murmur of the world! What is it to me?  
 O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,  
 Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!  
 280 Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawk-mad,  
 Where can I get me harbourage for the night?  
 And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!  
 Whereat the armourer turning all amazed  
 And seeing one so gay in purple silks,  
 285 Came forward with the helmet yet in hand

And answer'd, 'Pardon me, O stranger knight ;  
 We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,  
 And there is scanty time for half the work.  
 Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are wanted here.  
 Harbourage ? truth, good truth, I know not, save, 290  
 It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge  
 Yonder.' He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,  
 Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine  
 There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl, 295  
 (His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,  
 Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and said :  
 'Whither, fair son ?' to whom Geraint replied,  
 'O friend, I seek a harbourage for the night.'  
 Then Yniol, 'Enter therefore and partake 300  
 The slender entertainment of a house  
 Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd.'  
 'Thanks, venerable friend,' replied Geraint ;  
 'So that ye do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
 For supper, I will enter, I will eat 305  
 With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast.'  
 Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-headed Earl,  
 And answer'd, 'Graver cause than yours is mine  
 To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk :  
 But in, go in ; for save yourself desire it, 310  
 We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest.'

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
 His charger trampling many a prickly star  
 Of sprouted thistle on the the broken stones.  
 He look'd and saw that all was ruinous. 315  
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern ;  
 And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,  
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,

And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :  
 320 And high above a piece of turret stair,  
 Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
 And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd  
 325 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
 The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
 Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,  
 Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
 330 Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
 Moves him to think what kind of a bird it is  
 That sings so delicately clear, and make  
 Conjecture of the plumage and the form ;  
 So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint ;  
 335 And made him like a man abroad at morn  
 When first the liquid note beloved of men  
 Comes flying over many a windy wave  
 To Britain, and in April suddenly  
 Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,  
 340 And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
 Or it may be the labour of his hands,  
 To think or say, ' There is the nightingale ;'  
 So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
 ' Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

345 It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
 Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang :

' Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ,  
 Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud ;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

350 ' Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;



With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

‘ Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

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‘ Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.’

‘ Hark, by the bird’s song ye may learn the nest,’  
Said Yniol ; ‘ enter quickly.’ Entering then,  
Right o’er a mount of newly-fallen stones,  
The dusky-rafter’d many-cobweb’d hall,  
He found an ancient dame in dim brocade ;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
‘ Here by God’s rood is the one maid for me.’  
But none spake word except the hoary Earl :  
‘ Enid, the good knight’s horse stands in the court  
Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then  
Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine ;  
And we will make us merry as we may.  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.’

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He spake : the Prince, as Enid past him, fain  
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught  
His purple scarf, and held, and said, ‘ Forbear !  
Rest ! the good house, tho’ ruin’d, O my son,  
Endures not that her guest should serve himself.’  
And reverencing the custom of the house  
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

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So Enid took his charger to the stall ;  
And after went her way across the bridge,  
And reached the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
385 Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
A youth, that following with a costrel bore  
The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
390 And then, because their hall must also serve  
For kitchen, boiled the flesh, and spread the board,  
And stood behind, and waited on the three,  
And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,  
Geraint had longing in him evermore  
395 To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
That crost the trencher as she laid it down :  
But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
For now the wine made summer in his veins,  
Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
400 On Enid at her lowly hand-maid work,  
Now here, now there about the dusky hall ;  
Then suddenly address the hoary Earl :

‘Fair host and Earl, I pray your courtesy ;  
This sparrow-hawk, what is he ? tell me of him.  
405 His name ; but no, good faith, I will not have it :  
For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
White from the mason’s hand, then have I sworn  
From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint  
410 Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen  
Sent her own maiden to demand the name ;  
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,  
Struck at her with his whip, and she returned  
Indignant to the Queen ; and then I swore  
415 That I would track this caitiff to his hold,

And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.  
 And all unarm'd I rode and thought to find  
 Arms in your town, where all the men are mad ;  
 They take the rustic murmur of their bourg  
 For the great wave that echoes round the world ; 420  
 They would not hear me speak : but if ye know  
 Where I can light on arms, or if yourself  
 Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
 That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
 Avenging this great insult done the Queen.' 425

Then cried Earl Yniol, ' Art thou he indeed,  
 Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
 For noble deeds? and truly I, when first  
 I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
 Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state 430  
 And presence might have guess'd you one of those  
 That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.  
 Nor speak I now from foolish flattery ;  
 For this dear child hath often heard me praise  
 Your feats of arms, and often when I paused 435  
 Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear ;  
 So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
 To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong :  
 O never yet had woman such a pair  
 Of suitors as this maiden ; first Limours, 440  
 A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,  
 Drunk even when he woo'd ; and be he dead  
 I know not, but he past to the wild land.  
 The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,  
 My curse, my nephew—I will not let his name 445  
 Slip from my lips if I can help it—he,  
 When I that knew him fierce and turbulent  
 Refused her to him, then his pride awoke ;  
 And since the proud man often is the mean,

450 He sow'd a slander in the common ear,  
 Affirming that his father left him gold,  
 And in my charge, which was not render'd to him ;  
 Bribed with large promises the men who served  
 About my person, the more easily  
 455 Because my means were somewhat broken into  
 Thro' open doors and hospitality ;  
 Raised my own town against me in the night  
 Before my Enid's birthday, sacked my house ;  
 From mine own earldom foully ousted me ;  
 460 Built that new fort to overawe my friends,  
 For truly there are those who love me yet ;  
 And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,  
 Where doubtless he would put me soon to death,  
 But that his pride too much despises me :  
 465 And I myself sometimes despise myself ;  
 For I have let men be, and have their way ;  
 Am much too gentle, have not used my power ;  
 Nor know I whether I be very base  
 Or very manful, whether very wise  
 470 Or very foolish ; only this I know,  
 That whatsoever evil happen to me,  
 I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
 But can endure it all most patiently.'

' Well said, true heart,' replied Geraint, ' but arms,  
 475 That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight  
 In next day's tourney, I may break his pride.'

And Yniol answer'd. ' Arms, indeed, but old  
 And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,  
 Are mine, and therefore at thine asking, thine.  
 480 But in this tournament can no man tilt,  
 Except the lady he loves best be there.  
 Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,

And over these is placed a silver wand,  
 And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,  
 The prize of beauty for the fairest there. 485  
 And this, what knight soever be in field  
 Lays claim to for the lady at his side,  
 And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,  
 Who being apt at arms and big of bone  
 Has ever won it for the lady with him, 490  
 And toppling over all antagonism  
 Has earned himself the name of sparrow-hawk.  
 But thou, that hast no lady, canst not fight.'

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,  
 Leaning a little toward him, 'Thy leave! 495  
 Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
 For this dear child, because I never saw,  
 Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,  
 Nor can see elsewhere anything, so fair.  
 And if I fall her name will yet remain 500  
 Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,  
 So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,  
 As I will make her truly my true wife.'

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart  
 Danced in his bosom, seeing better days. 505  
 And looking round he saw not Enid there,  
 (Who hearing her own name had stol'n away)  
 But that old dame, to whom full tenderly  
 And fondling all her hand in his he said,  
 'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing, 510  
 And best by her that bore her understood.  
 Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest  
 Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she

515 With frequent smile and nod departing found,  
Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl ;  
Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then  
On either shining shoulder laid a hand,  
And kept her off and gazed upon her face,  
520 And told her all their converse in the hall,  
Proving her heart : but never light and shade  
Coursed one another more on open ground  
Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale  
Across the face of Enid hearing her ;  
525 While slowly falling as a scale that falls,  
When weight is added only grain by grain,  
Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast ;  
Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,  
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it ;  
530 So moving without answer to her rest  
She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw  
The quiet night into her blood, but lay  
Contemplating her own unworthiness ;  
And when the pale and bloodless east began  
535 To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised  
Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved  
Down to the meadow where the jousts were held,  
And waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint  
540 Beheld her first in field, awaiting him.  
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms  
Were on his princely person, but thro' these  
545 Princelike his bearing shone ; and errant knights  
And ladies came, and by and by the town  
Flow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.  
And there they fixt the forks into the ground,

And over these they placed the silver wand,  
 And over that the golden sparrow-hawk. 550  
 Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,  
 Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,  
 'Advance and take, as fairest of the fair,  
 What I these two years past have won for thee,  
 The prize of beauty.' Loudly spake the Prince, 555  
 'Forbear: there is a worthier,' and the knight  
 With some surprise and thrice as much disdain  
 Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face  
 Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,  
 So burnt he was with passion, crying out, 560  
 'Do battle for it then,' no more; and thrice  
 They clash'd together, and thrice they break their spears.  
 Then each, disbors'd and drawing, lash'd at each  
 So often and with such blows, that all the crowd  
 Wonder'd and now and then from distant walls 565  
 There came a clapping as of phantom hands. *oo*  
 So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still  
 The dew of their great labour, and the blood  
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force.  
 But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry, 570  
 'Remember that great insult done the Queen,'  
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,  
 And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,  
 And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,  
 And said, 'Thy name?' To whom the fallen man 575  
 Made answer, groaning, 'Edyrn, son of Nudd!  
 Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.  
 My pride is broken: men have seen my fall.'  
 'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied Geraint,  
 'These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest. 580  
 First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,  
 Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming there,  
 Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,

585 And shalt abide her judgment on it ; next,  
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.  
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.'  
And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will I do,  
For I have never yet been overthrown,  
590 And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride  
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall !'  
And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,  
And there the Queen forgave him easily.  
And being young, he changed and came to loathe  
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself  
595 Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last  
In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn  
Made a low splendour in the world, and wings  
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay  
600 With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,  
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,  
Woke and bethought her of her promise given  
No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—  
So bent he seem'd on going the third day,  
605 He would not leave her, till her promise given—  
To ride with him this morning to the court,  
And there be made known to the stately Queen,  
And there be wedded with all ceremony.  
At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,  
610 And thought it never yet had look'd so mean.  
For as a leaf in mid-November is  
To what it was in mid-October, seem'd  
The dress that now she look'd on to the dress  
She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.  
615 And still she look'd, and still the terror grew  
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,  
All staring at her in her faded silk :



And softly to her own sweet heart she said :

‘This noble prince who won our earldom back,  
 So splendid in his acts and his attire, 620  
 Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit him !  
 Would he could tarry with us here awhile,  
 But being so beholden to the Prince,  
 It were but little grace in any of us,  
 Bent as he seem’d on going this third day, 625  
 To seek a second favour at his hands.  
 Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,  
 Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,  
 Far liefer than so much discredit him.’

And Enid fell in longing for a dress 630  
 All branch’d and flower’d with gold, a costly gift  
 Of her good mother, given her on the night  
 Before her birthday, three sad years ago,  
 That night of fire, when Edyrn sack’d their house,  
 And scatter’d all they had to all the winds : 635  
 For while the mother show’d it, and the two  
 Were turning and admiring it, the work  
 To both appear’d so costly, rose a cry  
 That Edyrn’s men were on them, and they fled  
 With little save the jewels they had on, 640  
 Which being sold and sold had bought them bread :  
 And Edyrn’s men had caught them in their flight,  
 And placed them in this ruin ; and she wish’d  
 The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;  
 Then let her fancy flit across the past, 645  
 And roam the goodly places that she knew ;  
 And last bethought her how she used to watch,  
 Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;  
 And one was patch’d and blurr’d and lustreless  
 Among his burnish’d brethren of the pool ; 650

And half asleep she made comparison  
Of that and these to her own faded self  
And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;  
And dreamt herself was such a faded form  
655 Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;  
But this was in the garden of a king ;  
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew  
That all was bright ; that all about were birds  
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis work ;  
660 That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd  
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;  
And lords and ladies of the high court went  
In silver tissue talking things of state ;  
And children of the King in cloth of gold  
665 Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks ;  
And while she thought ' They will not see me,' came  
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,  
And all the children in their cloth of gold  
Ran to her, crying, ' If we have fish at all  
670 Let them be gold ; and charge the gardners now  
To pick the faded creature from the pool,  
And cast it on the mixen that it die.'  
And therewithal one came and seized on her,  
And Enid started waking, with her heart  
675 All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,  
And lo ! it was her mother grasping her  
To get her well awake ; and in her hand  
A suit of bright apparel, which she laid  
Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly :

680 ' See here, my child, how fresh the colours look,  
How fast they hold like colours of a shell  
That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.  
Why not ? It never yet was worn, I trow :  
Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it.'

And Enid look'd, but all confused at first, 685  
 Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream :  
 Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,  
 And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it ; your good gift,  
 So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;  
 Your own good gift !' 'Yea, surely,' said the dame, 690  
 'And gladly given again this happy morn.  
 For when the jousts were ended yesterday,  
 Went Yniol thro' the town, and everywhere  
 He found the sack and plunder of our house  
 All scatter'd thro' the houses of the town ; 695  
 And gave command that all which once was ours  
 Should now be ours again : and yester-eve,  
 While ye were talking sweetly with your Prince,  
 Came one with this and laid it in my hand,  
 For love or fear, or seeking favour of us, 700  
 Because we have our earldom back again.  
 And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,  
 But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.  
 'Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise ?  
 For I myself unwillingly have worn 705  
 My faded suit, as you, my child have yours,  
 And howsoever patient, Yniol his.  
 Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,  
 With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,  
 And page, and maid, and squire, and seneschal, 710  
 And pastime both of hawk and hound, and all  
 That appertains to noble maintenance.  
 Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house ;  
 But since our fortune swerved from sun to shade,  
 And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need 715  
 Constrain'd us, but a better time has come ;  
 So clothe yourself in this, that better fits  
 Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride :  
 For tho' ye won the prize of fairest fair,

720 And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,  
Let never maiden think, however fair,  
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.  
And should some great court-lady say, the Prince  
Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,  
725 And like a madman brought her to the court,  
Then were ye shamed, and, worse, might shame the Prince,  
To whom we are beholden ; but I know,  
When my dear child is set forth at her best,  
That neither court nor country, tho' they sought  
730 Thro' all the provinces like those of old  
That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match.'

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath ;  
And Enid listen'd brightening as she lay ;  
Then, as the white and glittering star of morn  
735 Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by  
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,  
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,  
Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye,  
Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown ;  
740 Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said,  
She never yet had seen her half so fair ;  
And call'd her like that maiden in the tale,  
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,  
And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,  
745 Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first  
Invaded Britain, ' But we beat him back,  
As this great Prince invaded us, and we,  
Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.  
And I can scarcely ride with you to court,  
750 For old am I, and rough the ways and wild ;  
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream  
I see my princess as I see her now,  
Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint  
 Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd 755  
 For Enid, and when Yniol made report  
 Of that good mother making Enid gay  
 In such apparel as might well beseem  
 His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,  
 He answer'd : ' Earl, entreat her by my love, 760  
 Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
 That she ride with me in her faded silk,'  
 Yniol with that hard message went ; it fell  
 Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn :  
 For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why, 765  
 Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,  
 But silently, in all obedience,  
 Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
 Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,  
 And robed them in her ancient suit again, 770  
 And so descended. Never man rejoiced  
 More than Geraint to greet her thus attired ;  
 And glancing all at once as keenly at her  
 As careful robins eye the delver's toil,  
 Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall, 775  
 But rested with her sweet face satisfied ;  
 Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,  
 Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said,

' O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved  
 At thy new son, for my petition to her. 780  
 When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,  
 In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,  
 Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,  
 Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.  
 Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall, 785  
 Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
 I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair Queen,

- 790 No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst  
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise thought perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would bind  
The two together ; fain I would the two  
Should love each other : how can Enid find  
795 A nobler friend? Another thought was mine ;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists  
Might well have served for proof that I was loved,  
I doubted whether daughter's tenderness,  
800 Or easy nature, might not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal ;  
Or whether some false sense in her own self  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy, dwelling in this dusky hall ;  
805 And such a sense might make her long for court  
And all its perilous glories : and I thought,  
That could I someway prove such force in her  
Link'd with such love for me, that at a word  
(No reason given her) she could cast aside  
810 A splendour dear to women, new to her,  
And therefore dearer ; or if not so new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power  
Of intermitted usage : then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,  
815 Fixt on her faith. Now therefore I do rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts :  
And for my strange petition I will make  
820 Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,  
When your fair child shall wear your costly gift  
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees,  
Who knows? another gift of the high God,  
Which, maybe, shall have learned to lisp you thanks.'

He spoke : the mother smiled, but half in tears, 825  
Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,  
And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd  
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,  
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset, 830  
And white sails flying on the yellow sea ;  
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea  
Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,  
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come ;  
And then descending met them at the gates, 835  
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,  
And did her honour as the Prince's bride,  
And clothed her for her bridals like the sun ;  
And all that week was old Caerleon gay,  
For by the hands of Dubric the high saint, 840  
They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.  
But Enid ever kept the faded silk,  
Remembering how first he came on her,  
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it, 845  
And all her foolish fears about the dress,  
And all his journey toward her as himself  
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her,  
'Put on your worst and meanest dress,' she found 850  
And took it, and arrayed herself therein.

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## GERAINT AND ENID.

O PURBLIND race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
855 By taking true for false, or false for true ;  
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen !



So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth  
860 That morning, when they both had got to horse,  
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,  
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,  
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce  
Upon a head so dear, in thunder, said :  
865 ' Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,  
Ever a good way on before ; and this  
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,  
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,  
No, not a word !' and Enid was aghast ;  
870 And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,  
When crying out, ' Effeminate as I am,  
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,  
All shall be iron ;' he loosed a mighty purse,  
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.  
875 So the last sight that Enid had of home  
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown  
With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire  
Chafing his shoulder : then he cried again,  
' To the wilds !' and Enid leading down the tracks  
380 Thro' which he bad her lead him on, they past



The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,  
 Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,  
 And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode ;  
 Round was their pace at first, but slackened soon :  
 A stranger meeting them had surely thought, 885  
 They rode so slowly and they looked so pale,  
 That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.  
 For he was ever saying to himself,  
 ' O I that wasted time to tend upon her,  
 To compass her with sweet observances, 890  
 To dress her beautifully and keep her true—'  
 And there he broke the sentence in his heart  
 Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
 May break it, when his passion masters him.  
 And she was ever praying the sweet heavens 895  
 To save her dear lord whole from any wound.  
 And ever in her mind she cast about  
 For that unnoticed failing in herself,  
 Which made him look so cloudy and so cold ;  
 Till the great plover's human whistle amazed 900  
 Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd  
 In every wavering brake an ambushade.  
 Then thought again, ' If there be such in me,  
 I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,  
 If he would only speak and tell me of it.' 905

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,  
 Then Enid was aware of three tall knights  
 On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock  
 In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all ;  
 And heard one crying to his fellow, ' Look, 910  
 Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,  
 Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound ;  
 Come, we will slay him and will have his horse  
 And armour, and his damsel shall be ours.'

915       Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said :  
      'I will go back a little to my lord,  
      And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;  
      For, be he wroth even to slaying me,  
      Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,  
920       Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'

      Then she went back some paces of return,  
      Met his full frown timidly firm, and said ;  
      'My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock  
      Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast  
925       That they would slay you, and possess your horse  
      And armour, and your damsel should be theirs.'

      He made a wrathful answer : ' Did I wish  
      Your warning or your silence ? one command  
      I laid upon you, not to speak to me,  
930       And thus ye keep it ! Well then, look—for now,  
      Whether ye wish me victory or defeat,  
      Long for my life, or hunger for my death,  
      Yourself shall see my vigour is not lost.'

      Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,  
935       And down upon him bare the bandit three.  
      And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint  
      Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast  
      And out beyond ; and then against his brace  
      Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him  
940       A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,  
      Swung from his brand a windy buffet out  
      Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain  
      Or slew them, and dismounting like a man  
      That skins the wild beast after slaying him,  
945       Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born  
      The three gay suits of armour which they wore,  
      And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits

Of armour on their horses, each on each,  
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
 Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on 950  
 Before you ;' and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer : ruth began to work  
 Against his anger in him, while he watch'd  
 The being he loved best in all the world,  
 With difficulty in mild obedience 955  
 Driving them on : he fain had spoken to her,  
 And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath  
 And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him all within ;  
 But evermore it seem'd an easier thing  
 At once without remorse to strike her dead, 960  
 Than to cry 'Halt,' and to her own bright face  
 Accuse her of the least immodesty :  
 And thus tongue-tied, it made him wroth the more  
 That she *could* speak whom his own ear had heard  
 Call herself false : and suffering thus he made 965  
 Minutes an age : but in scarce longer time  
 Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,  
 Before he turn to fall seaward again,  
 Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, behold  
 In the first shallow shade of a deep wood, 970  
 Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks,  
 Three other horsemen waiting, wholly arm'd,  
 Whereof one seem'd far larger than her lord,  
 And shook her pulses, crying, 'Look, a prize !  
 Three horses and three goodly suits of arms, 975  
 And all in charge of whom ? a girl : set on.'  
 'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes a knight.'  
 The third, 'A craven ; how he hangs his head.'  
 The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea, but one ?  
 Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him.' 980

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said,  
'I will abide the coming of my lord,  
And I will tell him all their villainy.  
My lord is weary with the fight before,  
985 And they will fall upon him unawares.  
I needs must disobey him for his good ;  
How should I dare obey him to his harm ?  
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it,  
I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

990 And she abode his coming, and said to him  
With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to speak ?'  
He said, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and she spoke,

'There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,  
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one  
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they say  
995 That they will fall upon you while ye pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful answer back :  
'And if there were an hundred in the wood,  
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,  
1000 And all at once should sally out upon me,  
I swear it would not ruffle me so much  
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,  
And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,  
1005 Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe  
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.  
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.  
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd ; but Geraint's,  
A little in the late encounter strain'd,  
1010 Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,  
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd  
And there lay still ; as he that tells the tale

Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
 That had a sapling growing on it, slide  
 From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach, 1015  
 And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew:  
 So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair  
 Of comrades making slower at the Prince,  
 When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;  
 On whom the victor, to confound them more, 1020  
 Spurr'd with his terrible war cry; for as one,  
 That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
 All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears  
 The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
 At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear 1025  
 His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,  
 And foeman scared, like that false pair who turn'd  
 Flying, but, overtaken, died the death  
 Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance 1030  
 That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves  
 Their three gay suits of armour, each from each,  
 And bound them on their horses, each on each,  
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
 Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on  
 Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood. 1035

He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had  
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
 Together, served a little to disedge 1040  
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart,  
 And they themselves, like creatures gently born  
 But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long  
 By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt  
 Her low firm voice and tender government. 1045

- So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,  
And issuing under open heavens beheld  
A little town with towers, upon a rock,  
And close beneath, a meadow gem-like chased  
1050 In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it :  
And down a rocky pathway from the place  
There came a fair-haired youth, that in his hand  
Bare victual for the mowers : and Geraint  
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale :  
1055 Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,  
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,  
' Friend, let her eat ; the damsel is so faint.'  
' Yea, willingly,' replied the youth, ' and thou,  
My Lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,  
1060 And only meet for mowers ;' then set down  
His basket, and dismounting on the sward  
They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.  
And Enid took a little delicately,  
Less having stomach for it than desire  
1065 To close with her lord's pleasure ; but Geraint  
Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,  
And when he found all empty, was amazed ;  
And ' Boy,' said he, ' I have eaten all, but take  
A horse and arms for guerdon ; choose the best.'  
1070 He, reddening in extremity of delight,  
' My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'  
' Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.  
' I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,  
' Not guerdon ; for myself can easily,  
1075 While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch  
Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl ;  
For these are his, and all the field is his,  
And I myself am his ; and I will tell him  
How great a man thou art : he loves to know  
1080 When men of mark are in his territory :

And he will have thee to his palace here,  
And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare :  
I never ate with angrier appetite  
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless. 1085  
And into no Earl's palace will I go.  
I know, God knows, too much of palaces !  
And if he want me, let him come to me,  
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,  
And stalling for the horses, and return 1090  
With victual for these men, and let us know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,  
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,  
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,  
Leading the horse, and they were left alone. 1095

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes  
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance  
At Enid, where she droopt : his own false doom,  
That shadow of mistrust should never cross  
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd ; 1100  
Then with another humorous ruth remark'd  
The lusty mowers labouring dinnerless,  
And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,  
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.  
But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall, 1105  
And all the windy clamour of the daws  
About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass  
There growing longest by the meadow's edge,  
And into many a listless annulet,  
Now over, now beneath her marriage ring, 1110  
Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd  
And told them of a chamber, and they went ;  
Where, after saying to her, ' If ye will,

Call for the woman of the house, to which  
1115 She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord;' the two remain'd  
Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute  
As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth,  
Or two wild men supporters of a shield,  
Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance  
1120 The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street,  
And heel against the pavement echoing, burst  
Their drowse; and either started while the door,  
Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,  
1125 And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours.  
He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
1130 Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,  
In the mid-warmth of welcome, and graspt hand,  
Found Enid with the corner of his eye,  
And knew her sitting sad and solitary.  
Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly cheer  
1135 To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously  
According to his fashion, bad the host  
Call in what men soever were his friends,  
And feast with these in honour of their Earl;  
'And care not for the cost; the cost is mine.'  
1140 And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours  
Drank till he jested with all ease, and told  
Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,  
And made it of two colours; for his talk,  
When wine and free companions kindled him,  
1145 Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem  
Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince  
To laughter and his comrades to applause.



Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd Limours,  
 'Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak  
 To your good damsel there who sits apart, 1150  
 And seems so lonely?' 'My free leave,' he said;  
 'Get her to speak: she doth not speak to me.'  
 Then rose Limours, and looking at his feet,  
 Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,  
 Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes, 1155  
 Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:

'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,  
 Enid, my early and my only love,  
 Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me wild—  
 What chance is this? how is it I see you here? 1160  
 Ye are in my power at last, are in my power.  
 Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,  
 But keep a touch of sweet civility  
 Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.  
 I thought, but that your father came between, 1165  
 In former days you saw me favourably.  
 And if it were so do not keep it back:  
 Make me a little happier: let me know it:  
 Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?  
 Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are. 1170  
 And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy,  
 Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,  
 You come with no attendance, page or maid,  
 To serve you—doth he love you as of old?  
 For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know 1175  
 Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,  
 They would not make them laughable in all eyes,  
 Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,  
 A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks  
 Your story, that this man loves you no more. 1180  
 Your beauty is no beauty to him now:

A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—  
 For I know men: nor will ye win him back,  
 For the man's love once gone, never returns.  
 1185 But here is one who loves you as of old;  
 With more exceeding passion than of old:  
 Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:  
 He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;  
 They understand: nay; I do not mean blood:  
 1190 Nor need ye look so scared at what I say:  
 My malice is no deeper than a moat,  
 No stronger than a wall: there is the keep;  
 He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:  
 Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me  
 1195 The one true lover whom you ever own'd,  
 I will make use of all the power I have.  
 O pardon me! the madness of that hour,  
 When first I parted from thee, moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice  
 1200 And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,  
 Made his eye moist; But Enid fear'd his eyes,  
 Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast;  
 And answer'd with such craft as women use,  
 Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance  
 1205 That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

'Earl, if you love me as in former years,  
 And do not practise on me, come with morn,  
 And snatch me from him as by violence;  
 Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death.'

1210 Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume,  
 Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous Earl,  
 And the stout Prince bad him a loud good-night.  
 He moving homeward babbled to his men,

How Enid never loved a man but him,  
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord. 1215

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,  
Debating his command of silence given,  
And that she now perforce must violate it,  
Held commune with herself, and while she held  
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart 1220  
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased  
To find him yet unwounded after fight,  
And hear him breathing low and equally.  
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd  
The pieces of his armour in one place, 1225  
All to be there against a sudden need ;  
Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd  
By that day's grief and travel, evermore  
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then  
Went slipping down horrible precipices, 1230  
And strongly striking out her limbs awoke ;  
Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door,  
With all his rout of random followers,  
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her ;  
Which was the red cock shouting to the light, 1235  
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world,  
And glimmer'd on his armour in the room.  
And once again she rose to look at it,  
But touch'd it unawares : jangling, the casque  
Fell, and he started up and stared at her. 1240  
Then breaking his command of silence given,  
She told him all that Earl Limours had said,  
Except the passage that he loved her not ;  
Nor left untold the craft herself had used ;  
But ended with apology so sweet, 1245  
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd  
So justified by that necessity,

- 1250 That tho' he thought 'was it for him she wept  
 In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful groan,  
 Saying 'Your sweet faces make good fellows fools  
 And traitors. Call the host and bid him bring  
 Charger and palfrey.' So she glided out  
 1255 Among the heavy breathings of the house,  
 And like a household Spirit at the walls  
 Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and returned :  
 Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd,  
 In silence, did him service as a squire ;  
 1260 Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried,  
 'Thy reckoning, friend?' and, ere he learnt it, 'Take  
 Five horses and their armours;' and the host  
 Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,  
 'My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one !'  
 1265 'Ye will be all the wealthier,' said the prince,  
 And then to Enid, 'Forward ! and to-day  
 I charge you, Enid, more especially,  
 What thing soever ye may hear, or see,  
 Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use  
 1270 To charge you) that ye speak not but obey,'

- And Enid answer'd, 'Yea, my lord, I know  
 Your wish, and would obey ; but riding first,  
 I hear the violent threats you do not hear,  
 I see the danger which you cannot see :  
 1275 Then not to give you warning, that seems hard ;  
 Almost beyond me : yet I would obey.'  
 'Yea so,' said he, 'do it : be not too wise ;  
 Seeing that ye are wedded to a man,  
 Not all mismated with a yawning clown,  
 1280 But one with arms to guard his head and yours,  
 With eyes to find you out however far,  
 And ears to hear you even in his dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her

As careful robins eye the delver's toil ;  
 And that within her, which a wanton fool, 1285  
 Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt,  
 Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.  
 And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,  
 Led from the territory of false Limours 1290  
 To the waste earldom of another earl,  
 Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull,  
 Went Enid with her sullen follower on.  
 Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride  
 More near by many a rood than yestermorn, 1295  
 It wellnigh made her cheerful ; till Geraint  
 Waving an angry hand as who should say  
 'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again.  
 But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade,  
 The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof 1300  
 Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw  
 Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.  
 Then not to disobey her lord's behest,  
 And yet to give him warning, for he rode  
 As if he heard not, moving back she held 1305  
 Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.  
 At which the warrior in his obstinacy,  
 Because she kept the letter of his word,  
 Was in a manner pleased, and turning, stood.  
 And in the moment after, wild Limours, 1310  
 Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud  
 Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,  
 Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,  
 And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,  
 Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with him, and bore 1315  
 Down by the length of lance and arm beyond  
 The crupper, and so left him stunn'd or dead,

And overthrew the next that follow'd him,  
And blindly rush'd on all the rout behind.

1320 But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn  
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,  
1325 But if a man who stands upon the brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;  
So, scared but at the motion of the man,  
1330 Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,  
And left him lying in the public way ;  
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,  
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell  
1335 Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,  
Mixt with the flyers. 'Horse and man,' he said,  
'All of one mind and all right-honest friends !  
Not a hoof left : and I methinks till now  
Was honest—paid with horses and with arms ;  
1340 I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg :  
And so what say ye, shall we strip him there  
Your lover ? has your palfrey heart enough  
To bear his armour ? shall we fast, or dine ?  
No ?—then do thou, being right honest, pray  
1345 That we meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm,  
I too would still be honest.' Thus he said :  
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,  
And answering not one word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss  
1350 Falls in a far land and he knows it not,

But coming back he learns it, and the loss  
 So pains him that he sickens nigh to death ;  
 So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd  
 In combat with the follower of Limours,  
 Bled underneath his armour secretly, 1355  
 And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife  
 What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,  
 Till his eye darken'd, and his helmet wagg'd ;  
 And at a sudden swerving of the road,  
 Tho' happily down on a bank of grass, 1360  
 The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,  
 Suddenly came, and at his side all pale  
 Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,  
 Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye 1365  
 Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,  
 And tearing off her veil of faded silk  
 Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun,  
 And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's life.  
 Then after all was done that hand could do, 1370  
 She rested, and her desolation came  
 Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,  
 For in that realm of lawless turbulence,  
 A woman weeping for her murder'd mate 1375  
 Was cared as much for as a summer shower :  
 One took him for a victim of Earl Doorn,  
 Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him :  
 Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,  
 Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl ; 1380  
 Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,  
 He drove the dust against her veiless eyes :  
 Another, flying from the wrath of Doorn

Before an ever-fancied arrow, made  
 1385 The long way smoke beneath him in his fear ;  
 At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,  
 And scour'd into the coppices and was lost,  
 While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,  
 1390 Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,  
 Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,  
 Came riding with a hundred lances up ;  
 But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,  
 Cried out with a big voice, 'What, is he dead ?'  
 1395 'No, no, not dead !' she answer'd in all haste.  
 'Would some of your kind people take him up,  
 And bear him hence out of this cruel sun ?  
 Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm : 'Well, if he be not dead,  
 1400 Why wail ye for him thus ? ye seem a child.  
 And be he dead, I count you for a fool ;  
 Your wailing will not quicken him : dead or not,  
 Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears.  
 Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of you,  
 1405 Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall,  
 An if he live, we will have him of our band ;  
 And if he die, why earth has earth enough  
 To hide him. See ye take the charger too,  
 A noble one.'

He spake, and past away,  
 1410 But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,  
 Each growling like a dog, when his good bone  
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys  
 Who love to vex him eating, and he fears  
 1415 To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,  
 Gnawing and growling : so the ruffians growl'd,



Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,  
 Their chance of booty from the morning's raid,  
 Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,  
 Such as they brought upon their forays out 1420  
 For those that might be wounded ; laid him on it  
 All in the hollow of his shield, and took  
 And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm,  
 (His gentle charger following him unled)  
 And cast him and the bier in which he lay 1425  
 Down on an oaken settle in the hall,  
 And then departed, hot in haste to join  
 Their luckier mates, but growling as before,  
 And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,  
 And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her. 1430  
 They might as well have blest her, she was deaf  
 To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord,  
 There in the naked hall, propping his head,  
 And chafing<sup>\*</sup> his pale hands, and calling to him. 1435  
 Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,  
 And found his own dear bride propping his head,  
 And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him ;  
 And felt the warm tears falling on his face ;  
 And said to his own heart, 'She weeps for me : ' 1440  
 And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,  
 That he might prove her to the uttermost,  
 And say to his own heart, 'She weeps for me.'

But in the falling afternoon return'd  
 The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall. 1445  
 His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise :  
 Each hurling down a heap of things that rang  
 Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,  
 And doff'd his helm : and then there flutter'd in,

- 1450      Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,  
            A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,  
            And mingled with the spearmen : and Earl Doorm  
            Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,  
            And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
- 1455      And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,  
            And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh ;  
            And none spake word, but all sat down at once,  
            And ate with tumult in the naked hall,  
            Feeding like horses when you hear them feed ;
- 1460      Till Enid shrank far back into herself,  
            To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.  
            But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,  
            He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found  
            A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
- 1465      Then he remember'd her, and how she wept ;  
            And out of her there came a power upon him ;  
            And rising on the sudden he said, ' Eat !  
            I never yet beheld a thing so pale.  
            God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.
- 1470      Eat ! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,  
            For were I dead who is it would weep for me ?  
            Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath  
            Have I beheld a lily like yourself.  
            And so there lived some colour in your cheek,
- 1475      There is not one among my gentlewomen  
            Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.  
            But listen to me, and by me be ruled,  
            And I will do the thing I have not done,  
            For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl,
- 1480      And we will live like two birds in one nest,  
            And I will fetch you forage from all fields,  
            For I compel all creatures to my will.'

He spoke : the brawny spearman let his cheek

Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning stared ;  
 While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn 1485  
 Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf  
 And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear  
 What shall not be recorded—women they,  
 Women, or what had been those gracious things,  
 But now desired the humbling of their best, 1490  
 Yea, would have help'd him to it : and all at once  
 They hated her, who took no thought of them,  
 But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet  
 Drooping, 'I pray you of your courtesy,  
 He being as he is, to let me be.' 1495

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,  
 But like a mighty patron, satisfied  
 With what himself had done so graciously,  
 Assumed, that she had thank'd him, adding, 'Yea,  
 Eat and be glad, for I account you mine.' 1500

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad  
 Henceforth in all the world at anything,  
 Until my lord arise and look upon me ?'

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk, 1505  
 As all but empty heart and weariness  
 And sickly nothing ; suddenly seized on her,  
 And bare her by main violence to the board,  
 And thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

'No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat 1510  
 Till yonder man upon the bier arise,  
 And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here !'  
 (And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,)  
 'Lo ! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,  
 God's curse, with anger—often I myself, 1515  
 Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat :

Drink therefore and the wine will change your will."

1520        'Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I will not drink  
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,  
And drink with me; and if he rise no more,  
I will not look at wine until I die.'

1525        At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,  
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,  
And coming up close to her, said at last :  
1530        'Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,  
Take warning : yonder man is surely dead ;  
And I compel all creatures to my will.  
Not eat nor drink ? And wherefore wail for one,  
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn  
1535        By dressing it in rags ? Amazed am I,  
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,  
That I forbear you thus : cross me no more.  
At least put off to please me this poor gown,  
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed :  
1540        I love that beauty should go beautifully :  
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,  
How gay, how suited to the house of one  
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully ?  
Rise therefore ; robe yourself in this : obey.'

1540        He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen  
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,  
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue  
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front  
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,  
1545        When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,  
And with the dawn ascending lets the day  
Strike where it clung : so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,

With life-long injuries burning unavenged, 1550  
And now their hour has come ; and Enid said :

‘In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,  
And loved me serving in my father’s hall :  
In this poor gown I rode with him to court,  
And there the Queen array’d me like the sun : 1555  
In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself,  
When now we rode upon this fatal quest  
Of honour, where no honour can be gain’d :  
And this poor gown I will not cast aside  
Until himself arise a living man, 1560  
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough :  
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be :  
I never loved, can never love but him :  
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,  
He being as he is, to let me be.’ 1565

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his teeth ;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood  
Crying, ‘I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you ;  
Take my salute,’ unknightly with flat hand, 1570  
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, ‘He had not dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,’  
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry, 1575  
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming thro’ the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,  
(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),

- 1580      Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it  
             Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball  
             The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor,  
             So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.  
             And all the men and women in the hall
- 1585      Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled  
             Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
             Were left alone together, and he said :

- ' Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man ;  
             Done you more wrong : we both have undergone
- 1590      That trouble which has left me thrice your own :  
             Henceforward I will rather die than doubt,  
             And here I lay this penance on myself.  
             Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yesternorn—  
             You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
- 1595      I heard you say, that you were no true wife ;  
             I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :  
             I do believe yourself against yourself,  
             And will henceforward rather die than doubt.'

- And Enid could not say one tender word,
- 1600      She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :  
             She only pray'd him, ' Fly, they will return  
             And slay you ; fly, your charger is without,  
             My palfrey lost.' ' Then, Enid, shall you ride  
             Behind me.' ' Yea,' said Enid, ' let us go.'
- 1605      And moving out they found the stately horse.  
             Who now no more a vassal to the thief,  
             But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
             Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd  
             With a low whinny toward the pair : and she
- 1610      Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,  
             Glad also ; then Geraint upon the horse  
             Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot

She set her own and climb'd ; he turn'd his face  
 And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms  
 About him, and at once they rode away. 1615

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
 O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
 Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind  
 Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour  
 Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart, 1620  
 And felt him hers again : she did not weep,  
 But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
 Like that which kept the heart of Eden green  
 Before the useful trouble of the rain :  
 Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes 1625  
 As not to see before them on the path,  
 Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,  
 A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance  
 In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.  
 Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood, 1630  
 She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,  
 Shriek'd to the stranger 'Slay not a dead man !'  
 'The voice of Enid,' said the knight ; but she,  
 Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,  
 Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again, 1635  
 'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'  
 And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake :  
 'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love ;  
 I took you for a bandit knight of Doorn ;  
 And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him, 1640  
 Who love you, Prince, with something of the love  
 Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.  
 For once, when I was up so high in pride  
 That I was halfway down the slope to Hell,  
 By overthrowing me you threw me higher. 1645  
 Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,

And since I knew this Earl, when I myself  
 Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,  
 I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm  
 1650 (The King is close behind me) bidding him  
 Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,  
 Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

X 'He hears the judgment of the King of kings,'  
 Cried the wan Prince ; 'and lo, the powers of Doorm  
 1655 Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field,  
 Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,  
 Were men and women staring and aghast,  
 While some yet fled ; and then he plainlier told  
 How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.  
 1660 But when the knight besought him, 'Follow me,  
 Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear  
 Speak what has chanced ; ye surely have endured  
 Strange chances here alone ;' that other flush'd,  
 And hung his head, and halted in reply,  
 1665 Fearing the mild face of the blameless King,  
 And after madness acted question ask'd :  
 Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not go  
 To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you,'  
 'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' and they went.  
 1670 But Enid in their going had two fears,  
 One from the bandit scatter'd in the field,  
 And one from Edyrn. Every now and then,  
 When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her side,  
 She shrank a little. In a hollow land,  
 1675 From which old fires have broken, men may fear  
 Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said :

'Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause  
 To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.  
 Yourself were first the blameless cause to make



My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood 1680  
 Break into furious flame ; being repulsed  
 By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought  
 Until I overturn'd him ; then set up  
 (With one main purpose ever at my heart)  
 My haughty jousts, and took a paramour ; 1685  
 Did her mock-honour as the fairest fair,  
 And, toppling over all antagonism,  
 So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself  
 Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh mad :  
 And, but for my main purpose in these jousts, 1690  
 I should have slain your father, seized yourself.  
 I lived in hope that sometime you would come,  
 To these my lists with him whom best you loved ;  
 And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,  
 The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven, 1695  
 Behold me overturn and trample on him.  
 Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,  
 I should not less have kill'd him. And you came,—  
 But once you came,—and with your own true eyes  
 Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one 1700  
 Speaks of a service done him) overthrow  
 My proud self, and my purpose three years old,  
 And set his foot upon me, and give me life.  
 There was I broken down ; there was I saved :  
 Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life 1705  
 He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.  
 And all the penance the Queen laid upon me  
 Was but to rest awhile within her court ;  
 Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,  
 And waiting to be treated like a wolf, 1710  
 Because I knew my deeds were known, I found,  
 Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,  
 Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
 Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace

- 1715 Of tenderest courtesy, that I began  
To glance behind me at my former life,  
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :  
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,  
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,  
1720 Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,  
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.  
And you were often there about the Queen,  
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw ;  
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,  
1725 But kept myself aloof till I was changed ;  
And fear not, cousin ; I am changed indeed.'

- He spoke, and Enid easily believed,  
Like simple noble natures, credulous  
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,  
1730 There most in those who most have done them ill.  
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself  
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,  
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held  
1735 In converse for a little, and return'd,  
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brotherlike,  
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,  
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
1740 Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

- 'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave  
To move to your own land, and there defend  
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,  
As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
1745 By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,  
And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
Not used mine own : but now behold me come

To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
 With Edyrn and with others : have ye look'd  
 At Edyrn ? have ye seen how nobly changed ? 1750  
 This work of his is great and wonderful.  
 His very face with change of heart is changed.  
 The world will not believe a man repents :  
 And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
 Full seldom doth a man repent, or use 1755  
 Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
 Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
 And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.  
 Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart  
 As I will weed this land before I go.  
 I, therefore, made him of our Table Round, 1760  
 Not rashly, but have proved him everyway  
 One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
 Sanest and most obedient : and indeed  
 This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
 After a life of violence, seems to me 1765  
 A thousand-fold more great and wonderful  
 Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,  
 My subject with my subjects under him,  
 Should make an onslaught single on a realm  
 Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one, 1770  
 And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King ; low bow'd the Prince, and felt  
 His work was neither great nor wonderful,  
 And past to Enid's tent ; and thither came  
 The King's own leech to look into his hurt ; 1775  
 And Enid tended on him there ; and there  
 Her constant motion round him, and the breath  
 Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,  
 Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood  
 With deeper and with ever deeper love, 1780

As the south-west that blowing Bala lake  
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt,  
The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes  
1785 On each of all whom Uther left in charge  
Long since, to guard the justice of the King :  
He look'd and found them wanting ; and as now  
Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills  
To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,  
1790 He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at wrong,  
And in their chairs set up a stronger race  
With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men  
To till the wastes, and moving everywhere  
1795 Clear'd the dark places and let in the law,  
And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past  
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.  
There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,  
1800 And clothed her in apparel like the day.  
And tho' Geraint could never take again  
That comfort from their converse which he took  
Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon,  
He rested well content that all was well.  
1805 Thence after tarrying for a space they rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them to the shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own land.  
And there he kept the justice of the King  
So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts  
1810 Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died :  
And being ever foremost in the chase,  
And victor at the tilt and tournament,  
They call'd him the great Prince and man of men.

But Enid, whom her ladies loved to call  
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named 1815  
Enid the Good ; and in their halls arose  
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints  
Of times to be ; nor did he doubt her more,  
But rested in her fēalty, till he crown'd  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell 1820  
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

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*Beauty, young, of flesh  
 & manhood.  
 sailing*

## THE REVENGE.

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

## I.

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
 And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far  
 away :

'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !'  
 Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : 'Fore God I am no  
 coward ;

5 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
 We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?'

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : 'I know you are no coward ;  
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

10 But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore,  
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
 Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;

15 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
 Very carefully and slow,  
 Men of Bideford in Devon,  
 And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
 For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to 20  
Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in  
sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
'Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die!  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'  
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil. 30  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,  
and so  
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were 35  
seen,  
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and  
laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred 40  
tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of  
guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a  
cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

45 Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

50 But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and  
went

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to  
hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his  
ears

55 When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the  
summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-  
three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons  
came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder  
and flame ;

60 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead  
and her shame.



For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could  
fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before ?

## X.

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night 65  
was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the 70  
summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a  
ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still  
could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we, 75  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark  
and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all 80  
of it spent ;  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

- 'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again !  
85 We have won great glory, my men !  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when ?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !  
90 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !'

## XII.

- And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply :  
'We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go ;  
95 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

- And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at  
last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign  
grace ;  
100 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :  
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and  
true ;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

- 105 And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and  
true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
 But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
 And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew, 110  
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;  
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,  
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake 115  
     grew,  
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and  
     their flags,  
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy  
     of Spain,  
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags  
 To be lost evermore in the main.

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## IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

### EMMIE.

#### I.

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,  
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at  
     the door,  
 Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—  
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!  
 Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him 5

He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the  
limb,

And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,  
I could think he was oné of those who would break their jests  
on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at  
his knee—

10 Drench'd with hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

## II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would  
die

But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting  
eye—

Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its  
place—

Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :  
15 And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face  
were not kind,

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up  
his mind,

And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more o  
your care.'

'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in  
prayer ;

They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my  
own ;'

20 But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a  
broken bone ?'

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him  
say

'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

## III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come by  
and by.

O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world  
were a lie?  
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of 25  
disease  
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these'?

## IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger  
children are laid :  
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little  
maid ;  
Empty you see just now ! We have lost her who loved her  
so much—  
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch ; 30  
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,  
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her  
years—  
Nay you remember our Emmie ; you used to send her the  
flowers ;  
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours  
after hours !  
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord 35  
are reveal'd  
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the  
field ;  
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of  
the spring,  
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an  
Angel's wing ;  
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands  
crost on her breast—  
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her 40  
at rest,  
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little dear,

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

## V.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,  
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

## VI.

45 Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext !  
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,

'He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie what shall I do?'  
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,  
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie,  
you see,

50 It's all in the picture there : "Little children should come to me."'

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please

Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord,  
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward !'

55 That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said :  
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—

The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.

## VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more. 60  
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never  
would pass.  
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the  
glass,  
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,  
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness  
without ;  
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife, 65  
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape  
with her life ;  
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me  
and smiled,  
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the  
child.

## VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep  
again—  
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ; 70  
Say that His day is done ! Ah why should we care what they  
say ?  
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past  
away.

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## LIFE OF TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, a little village in Lincolnshire, on August 5th, 1809. His father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, the rector of the parish of Somersby, was a man remarkable for his great strength and stature and for his varied talents and attainments. Besides being an accomplished linguist and mathematician, he is said to have been skilled in music and painting, and, as might be expected in the father of a family of poets, to have been himself endowed with no mean poetic powers. Mrs. Tennyson, the poet's mother, is described as "a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman," so kind-hearted that the boys of the village used to beat their dogs before her windows, knowing that she would bribe them to desist. From the father, nearly all the twelve children who comprised the family at the rectory inherited talents of a high order; while from the mother they doubtless derived that poetic sensibility and power of imagination with which they seem to have been highly gifted. Their out door games were based upon tales of chivalry and one of their common evening amusements was reading aloud stories in the composition of which each child had had his share. What we know of their childish productions shows that they must have indulged in a very wide and varied course of reading.

The following passages from "In Tennyson Land," by J. Cuming Walters, describe the rectory at Somersby and the general characteristics of the Lincolnshire scenes among which the early years of the poet's life were passed :

"You cannot see the 'large leaves of the sycamore' that stood on the lawn now, neither can you count all the elms and poplars that the poet remembered standing before his father's door. The trees are not as they were, but the holly-hedge

planted by the old doctor flourishes amain, and the chestnuts from lusty trees drop all about it. But there is no mistaking the picturesque and semi-ecclesiastical house. It is the ideal home of a poet, bright and pleasant in aspect and quaint in structure. The roofs are tiled and steep, and the external view of the dining-room, with its long-pointed, stained glass windows, leads one to suppose that it was originally intended for a chapel. The rectory is really made up of two houses lying adjacent, and hence its rambling appearance. For situation the place could not be excelled. It nestles among the wolds and yet does not lie too low down. Far away stretch the dark green meadows, and myriads of trees deck and diversify the landscape. On the shoulders of the hills rest clusters of noble trees, and tiny streams glisten down the slopes."

"There is a settled prejudice that Lincolnshire, with its low dunes, shallow streams, and glooming flats, is a dreary country,

‘A flat, malarial land of reed and rush,’

where north winds sweep and an angry sea drives far inland, and where morning ever steps with ‘misty feet’ and evening follows with ‘sallow-rifted glooms.’ It is well that the visitor should be prepared for the dark marsh-land; yet to him, as to the lover of Julian, Lincolnshire should be

‘A land of promise, a land of memory,  
A land of promise, flowing with the milk  
And honey of delicious memories.’

A land, too, that has been redeemed, and is no longer the waste, uninteresting swamp it was. Those who say it is a flat and prosaic country—a region of vast grassy plains and tangled watercourses, with only a few willow, ash, and poplar trees to relieve the level expanse—know nothing of the ridged wolds and broken cliffs of the uplands, and even mistake the character and aspect of the marshes in the lowlands. A sombre land it is truly when low-drooping clouds ‘make a chequered work of beam and shade across the hills,’ or when night trails

her shadows across the far-extending fields ; a dreary land, too, when the year is dying, and—

‘A blanket wraps the day,  
When the rotten woodland drips,  
And the leaf is stamped in clay.’

Still drearier when the frosty fingers of winter strips the trees, and the air builds up everywhere an ‘under-roof of doleful gray.’ But not a wilderness, assuredly. There is a certain luxuriance about the marsh-land which redeems it from utter desolateness, and in many parts it is inviting. Here it is that ash and larch and lime and chestnut and sycamore flourish ; here are ‘heath and hill and hollow, lined and wooded to the lips ;’ here, at sundown, ‘faint, rainy lights are seen moving in the leavy beech ;’ here, in spring—

‘The sappy field and wood  
Grow green beneath the showery gray,  
And rugged barks begin to bud,  
And thro’ damp holts new-flushed with May,  
Ring sudden scritchcs of the jay ;’

and in summer the elms display ‘their broad-curved branches, fledged with the deepest green, new from the silken sheath.’ The flat land is not a waste, nor is the quiet landscape without interest. In its autumn livery of green and gold, with specks of red here and there, the country presents by day a scene of subdued beauty, which by night becomes weird and mournful. Then, indeed, the moorland is dreary and dark ; the wind rides over the wolds and dunes ; the trees sigh and shake their spectral arms. It was under these conditions that the boy-poet most loved to view the country. He took long walks at midnight where ‘dark valleys wind forlorn,’ and when the sough of the reeds made fantastic music in his ears. The night, with its wild cries and strange shapes, with its mysterious revelations and its still more wondrous veil, kindled the flame of imagination and strengthened the poetic impulse.”

From what we read of life at the parsonage, we may infer that

the children of the Tennyson family were to a great degree self-educated. They were no doubt aided by their father, and for a short time Alfred and his brothers attended the village school at Somersby, and afterwards the Grammar school at Louth. The only noteworthy record we have of these school-days is that Alfred was very grave and silent, and though tall and strong for his age, never took part in the sports of his schoolmates, his only intimate companion being his brother Charles. He left school in 1820, at eleven years of age. In 1828, he and Charles entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he seems to have occupied himself more in the congenial work of writing poetry than in any systematic course of study. He gained some repute as a poet, and was a member of the most brilliant intellectual coterie of his university, but he left college without taking a degree.

Of Tennyson's friends at Cambridge, the best beloved was Arthur Hallam, whose memory is immortalized in "In Memoriam." Others whose names have since become famous are: Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, author of the *Queen's English*, etc.; Richard Merivale, the historian; Richard French, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, author of several works on the English language; and James Spedding, best known as editor of Lord Bacon's works, and as a contributor to the *Athenæum* and other magazines. He it is to whom Tennyson addressed the beautiful and touching verses published under the heading, "To J. S."

In 1833, Tennyson experienced the great sorrow of his life. Arthur Hallam died very suddenly while travelling with his father in the Tyrol. Tennyson has given expression to his grief at this event in "In Memoriam," "Break, Break, Break," and other poems. From this time and to a great extent no doubt as a result of this sorrow, the character of his productions has changed, the themes that have engaged his attention are usually graver and deeper, and he shews a knowledge of human

nature and a sympathy for the wrongs and sorrows of his fellow men, of which we find little evidence in his earlier works.

Of Tennyson's private life for some years after the death of Hallam, little of interest is recorded. He spent most of his time in London, working hard and winning his way from poverty and comparative obscurity to affluence and fame. One of his most intimate friends at this period was Carlyle. It is said that the philosopher and the poet were in the habit of taking long walks together, in the silence of the night, through the deserted streets of the great city.

In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was appointed poet-laureate. In the same year, he married Emily, daughter of Henry Sellwood, an attorney of a small town near Somersby. She is the "dear, near, and true" of the dedication to Enoch Arden, and the glimpses we have of the poet's home life shew that these are no unmeaning words. The writer of an article in the *World* in speaking of Mrs. Tennyson, says that her faith in her husband's powers constantly incited him to greater labour and to higher aspirations; and years after their marriage, when their two sons, Hallam and Lionel, had grown to manhood, and the faithful wife had become a confirmed invalid, Mrs. Ann Thackeray Ritchie thus describes the family group:

"Sometimes at Aldworth, when the summer days are at their brightest, and high Blackdown top has been well warmed and sunned, I have seen a little procession coming along the terrace walk, and proceeding by its green boundary into the garden, where the sun shines its hottest upon a sheltered lawn, and where standard rose trees burn their flames. Mr. Tennyson in his broad hat goes first, dragging the garden chair in which Mrs. Tennyson lies; perhaps one son is pushing from behind, while another follows with rugs and cushions for the rest of the party. If the little grandsons and their young mother are there, the family group is complete. One special day I remember when we all sat for an hour round about the

homely chair and its gentle occupant. It seemed not unlike a realization of some Italian picture that I had somewhere seen, the tranquil eyes, the peaceful heights, the glorious summer day, some sense of lasting calm, of beauty beyond the present hour. No impression of this life at Aldworth and Farringford would be complete if, beside the parents, the sons were not seen, adding each in his own measure to the grateful sight of a united household.

"Hallam, the eldest son, has been for years past the adviser, the friend and companion of his father and mother at home; and Lionel, the younger, although living away in London in his own home, all the same holds fast to the family tradition of parents and children closely united through the chances and changes of life, and trusting and supporting one another."

Shortly after his marriage, Tennyson took up his abode at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. The following extracts are taken from Mrs. Ritchie's description of the poet's home and its surroundings:

"The house at Farringford itself seemed like a charmed place, with its green walks without, and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn nose and wreath; Italy gleamed over the doorways; friends' faces lined the way; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea. I first knew the place in the autumn, but perhaps it is even more beautiful in spring time, when all day the lark trills high overhead, and then when the lark has flown out of our hearing the thrushes begin, and the air is sweet with scents from the many fragrant shrubs. The woods are full of anemones and primroses; narcissus grow wild in the lower fields; a lovely creamy stream of flowers flows along the lanes, and lies hidden in the levels; hyacinth pools of blue shine in the woods; and then with a later burst of glory comes the gorse, lighting up the country round about, and blazing round about



the beacon hill. The beacon hill stands behind Farringford. If you cross the little wood of nightingales and thrushes and follow the lane where the black-thorn hedges shine in spring time (lovely dials that illuminate to show the hour), you come to the downs and climbing their smooth steeps you reach 'Mr. Tennyson's Down,' where the beacon-staff stands firm upon the mound. Then following the line of the coast, you come at last to the Needles, and may look down upon the ridge of rocks that rises, crisp, sharp, shining out of the blue waste of fierce delicious waters."

To escape the intrusive curiosity of sight-seers who invaded his privacy at Farringford, lying in wait for him in his rambles, and even, it is said, watching him with telescopes as he walked in his garden, Tennyson, who has a sensitive dislike to being lionized, built for himself a new house on a picturesque site at Haslemere, in the county of Surrey. The poet's residence at Haslemere has left little or no perceptible trace upon his writings, unless the frequency and vividness of the descriptions of hills in his later poems may be ascribed to the influence upon his imagination of the beautiful downs of Surrey.

Since his appointment to the laureateship, Tennyson's career has been one of unbroken prosperity. In 1884, he did honor to the English peerage by accepting the title, Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. He has enjoyed the friendship and admiration of some of the noblest men of his day, and is unquestionably the most popular of modern English poets. With powers scarcely impaired, he has reached an age when most men are in their dotage. Even now he is not resting on his laurels, though his last published verses seems to indicate that he is looking forward to the rest of the long night in which no man can work :

To sleep ! to sleep ! The long bright day is done,  
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

To sleep ! to sleep !

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day ;  
Whate'er thy griefs ; in sleep they fade away.  
To sleep ! to sleep !

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past !  
Sleep, happy soul ! all life will sleep at last.  
To sleep ! to sleep !

#### APPEARANCE OF THE POET.

"So unlike are the published portraits of him that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head suggests a moderate stature, but he is tall and broad shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest voice never could have come from Italian lungs.

"The figure, though slightly bent, bears the burden of its sixty-six years lightly ; the dark mass of hair falling backward from the broad, high forehead, and the knightly growth fringing his lips, are but sparsely streaked with silver ; and the face, though rugged and deeply lined with thought, is full of calm dignity and of a tenderness strangely at variance with his somewhat brusque tone and manner. His disregard of the conventionalities of life is thoroughly natural and unaffected. His suit of light grey, hanging about him in many a fold like the hide of the rhinoceros, the loose, ill-fitting collar and carelessly-knotted tie, the wide, low boots, are not worn, you may be sure, for artistic effect or with the foppishness of a Byron."  
—*The World*.

"The aspect, the countenance of Lord Tennyson—best rendered in Sir J. Millais's portrait, but faithfully given also in many a photograph—must often have struck his admirers with a sense of surprise. It does not fit the popular conception of him—a conception founded mainly on his earlier work and which presents him as a refined, an idyllic poet, the chanter of love and friendship, the adorer of half-barbarous legends with



a garb of tender grace. The faces of other poets—of the ethereal Shelley, the sensuous Keats, the passionate Byron, the benignant Wordsworth—correspond well enough to our notion of what they ought to be. But Tennyson's face expresses not delicacy but power, it is grave even to sternness; it is formidable in the sense which it gives of strength and wisdom won through pain."—F. W. H. MYERS, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

#### HIS VARIED KNOWLEDGE.

"During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, were perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark which I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author, that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew, and could well believe that he was sincere in making it."—BAYARD TAYLOR, *At Home and Abroad*."

#### TENNYSON'S CAREER AS A POET.

Mrs. Ritchie thus describes the outset of Tennyson's poetic career: "Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going to church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines in blank verse. They were made on the model of Thomson's Seasons, the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. 'Yes, you can write,' said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate."

His first published works were written in conjunction with this brother Charles, and issued from the press in 1827, under

the title, "Poems by Two Brothers." The preface states that the poems were written between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, and the title page bears the modest motto, "Hæc nos novimus esse nihil." The work is marked by an abundance of quotations from ancient and modern authors, and by imitations, especially of Byron, for whom Tennyson in these early days had a passionate admiration. A great variety of metres is attempted, though with very moderate success. On the whole, the volume gives little indication of the genius that one at least of its writers was afterwards to display.

In 1828, Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize at Cambridge for a poem entitled, "Timbuctoo." The *Athenæum* criticized this production very favorably, stating that it "indicated really first-rate poetical genius," and "would have done honor to any man that ever wrote."

In 1830, appeared a volume entitled "Poems, chiefly lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson." In it there are a number of poems still found in the current editions of his writings. Some favorable criticisms of the work appeared in which were noticed its varied and musical verse, its luxuriance of imagination and elevation of thought; but it received a terrible castigation at the hands of Professor Wilson (Christopher North).

Another volume was published in 1832, under the title, "Poems by Alfred Tennyson." Among the pieces that it contains are, "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The May Queen," and "A Dream of Fair Women." The volume was mercilessly criticized by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*. More discerning critics, however, spoke favorably of the work, praising the ease and vigour of the style and the beauty and originality of the verse-structure.

The criticisms of Lockhart, though in the main unjust, were in many respects well founded, and Tennyson acknowledged their force by refraining, for ten years, from the publication of any works except a few short poems. Among these was "St. Agnes," published in *The Keepsake*, in 1837.

In 1842, Tennyson broke silence by publishing another edition of poems. This edition contains selections from the volumes of 1830 and of 1832; a few poems written in 1833, including "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom," and "Love thou thy Land;" and a number of new poems, among which are "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Sir Galahad," "Break, break, break," and "The two Voices." This publication is valuable not only for the high artistic skill and earnest and noble thought of the new pieces, but also for the insight into Tennyson's mode of work which is afforded by the selections made from the earlier volumes. All the weaker pieces criticized by Lockhart are omitted, and others so pruned and corrected as to seem almost re-written.

In 1847, Tennyson published "The Princess." Brilliant as the production is, it somewhat disappointed the poet's admirers and added little to his fame. Three years afterwards appeared "In Memoriam," a poem, or rather a collection of poems, expressing Tennyson's grief at the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam. This work, reflecting as it does in solemn and beautiful language the thought of the age with regard to death and immortality, was received with admiration and reverence. It is still by many people regarded as its author's greatest work.

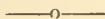
In 1855 was published "Maud and other poems." Next to Maud, the beautiful idyll, "The Brook," is the best known of the poems in this volume.

Tennyson, whose interest in the legend of King Arthur and the Round Table was aroused in childhood by the reading of Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, entertained for years the thought of an extended poem on this theme. The hold it had upon his imagination is evinced by the publication among his earlier poems of "The Lady of Shalott," "The Morte d'Arthur," "Sir Galahad," "Sir Launcelot," and "Queen Guinevere." The subject received much fuller treatment in the first volume of "The Idylls of the King," published in 1859. This book contained the four idylls, Enid, Vivien, Elaine and Guinevere,

It was enthusiastically received. The remaining idylls were published at various times afterwards, without regard to the order of events in the whole story of King Arthur. Finally in the edition of Tennyson's poems issued in 1888, the idylls were collected and arranged in the following order: "The Crowning of Arthur," "The Round Table," "Gareth and Lynette," "The Marriage of Geraint," "Geraint and Enid," "Balin and Balan," "Merlin and Vivien," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," "The Passing of Arthur."

The works of Tennyson published since 1860 are most varied in matter and style. There are tales like "Enoch Arden," "The Lover's Tale," etc.; ballads, of which "The Revenge" is a splendid example; pathetic stories, like "In the Childrens' Hospital;" humorous poems in the dialects of the North of England and of Ireland; poems based upon classical themes; philosophical poems, &c. At sixty-four years of age, Tennyson began his career as a dramatist. In this field he has met with very questionable success, for though his dramas have been praised by his admirers and by many impartial critics, and two of them have been successfully presented on the stage, they have, on the whole, been very coldly received. Of all the poems of his later years, the one most interesting to the student of Tennyson's life, and, next to "The Idylls of the King," most important in its bearing upon the selections in this book is "Locksley Hall Sixty Years after." As in the original Locksley Hall he gave expression to the passionate feelings and noble aspirations of the youth at the outset of life, so in this poem Lord Tennyson expresses the feelings of one who has lived his life without seeing the dreams of his youth realized, and who, after long contact with the world, has grown to regard youthful enthusiasms with something very like philosophic disdain.

# NOTES.



## THE MAY QUEEN.

This poem may be studied first as a portrait, then for the poetic effects of color, music and scenery. It illustrates Tennyson's minute observation of nature and his enjoyment of its sights and sounds. The student should in imagination see the pictures and hear the sounds that the words describe. Read in connection with this poem the description of Lincolnshire scenery quoted in the sketch of Tennyson's life page 327.

4. "**Queen o' the May.**"—The custom is not yet obsolete in some parts of England of celebrating the first of May (May-day) by merry gatherings of young people for dances round the May-pole and for other festivities. One of the most interesting ceremonies is crowning the May Queen with a garland of flowers.

25. "**the green.**"—The village play-ground.

30. "**cuckoo-flowers.**"—Commonly called the Ladie's Smock, a showy white or rose-colored flower.

31. "**marsh marigold.**"—A plant allied to the buttercup, bearing a large yellow flower. Those who have seen the marsh marigold blooming profusely in our swamps in early spring will not fail to call up the picture that this line describes.

38. "**cowslip.**"—A sort of primrose, bearing a cluster of flowers of a delicate yellow color.

"**crowfoot.**"—This is probably the lesser celandine, a very common British variety of this family of plants. Its flower is bright yellow.

45. "**If you're waking.**"—Compare this with "You must wake" of the foregoing part of the poem.

52. "**The blackthorn.**"—A shrub closely resembling our hawthorn, and like it bearing in spring a profusion of white blossoms. It flowers before the English hawthorn.

54. "**the hawthorn.**"—The English plant of this name has smaller flowers than ours. Their petals are usually tipped with rose color.

56. "**Charles's Wain.**"—The Great Bear, the constellation generally known in Canada as "the Dipper."

58. "**the snow-drops.**"—A small pendulous white flower growing on a long stem, the earliest of English garden flowers. It is poetically designated "*perce-neige*" (the flower that pierces the snow) by the French.

61. "**rook.**"—A bird closely resembling our crow, but smaller in size. Unlike the crow, it is sociable in its habits of nesting, large numbers of the birds returning year after year to build their nests in the same clump of trees.

52. "**the tufted plover.**"—This is probably the lapwing, a bird nearly related to the plovers. It is about the size of a pigeon. Its head, which is surmounted by a beautiful crest, is black; its back and wings a very dark green, and its throat and breast nearly white. Its plaintive cry is imitated in the word "*peewit*," the name by which it is commonly known in England; and better still, in its French name, "*le dix-huit*."

65. "**chancel.**"—The recess in which are placed the communion table and the seats for the choir in an Episcopal Church.

71. "**wold.**"—Open country, park land.

72. "**oat-grass.**"—The wild oat, a grass resembling the ordinary cultivated oat.

"**sword-grass.**"—A coarse, broad-bladed grass, growing commonly in swampy ground.

"**bulrush.**"—The English name for any coarse, sedge-like plant. Our "*cat-tails*" would be included among bulrushes.

100. "**the violet.**"—The English violet, darker-colored and much more fragrant than our common violet.

114. "**Now though my lamp—late.**"—Matthew, 25:1.

117. "**I did not hear—beat.**"—The howling of dogs and the noise of the "*ticking-spider*" are regarded by the superstitious as omens of death.

156. "**And the wicked—rest.**"—Job, 3:17.

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## LOCKSLEY HALL.

The student should first see that he has a clear conception of the circumstances under which the poem is supposed to be written, and of the character of the hero. Then he should study the poem for the light it sheds on the opinions held by Tennyson in his younger days with regard to marriage and to social distinctions ; though in view of the excited state of feeling attributed to the hero, it will be well to refer to other poems of its author that treat of similar themes, *e.g.* parts of *Enid*, of *The Princess* and of *Maud*, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, *The Lord of Burleigh*, above all, *Locksley Hall*, *sixty years after*.

The illustrations it affords of Tennyson's sympathy with the scientific movements of the age should be noted. In connection with the study of the style, the epigrammatic force of many of the lines should be observed.

3. "**curlews.**"—A species of snipe, common on the moors near the sea shore. Their peculiar cry is a noticeable characteristic of the moorlands.

4. "**dreary gleams.**"—The appearance of the white-breasted curlews, wheeling about in the air might readily have suggested this expression. Palgrave, however, has explained it as meaning "dreary gleams of flying light," and Tennyson has confirmed this interpretation.

6. "**roaring into cataracts.**" The great waves rolling in and breaking upon the beach.

8. "**Orion.**"—The most splendid constellation visible from our northern hemisphere.

9. "**The Pleiads—braid.**"—A constellation in Taurus, lying in the milky way.

12. "**the long result of Time.**"—As revealed in history and kindred studies.

17. "**the robin's breast.**"—The English robin is much smaller and more richly colored than the American bird of the same name.

18. "**lapwing.**"—The plover or peewit. See note on *The May Queen* l. 62.

19. "**iris.**"—Iridescence. The wood-dove and the rock-dove, like the common tame pigeon, have necks shining with changing hues of blue, green and crimson.



23. Compare the manner of the wooing with that of the Lord of Burleigh.

26. "the rosy red."—In England the light of the Aurora Borealis is often rose colored.

31. Love occupied the hours and filled them with gladness.

32-34. Love revealed new harmonies in life, driving away selfishness.

35. "ring."—With the song of birds.

40. "O the dreary, dreary moorland."—Cf. l. 35.

The poem *Break, Break, Break*, affords another example of Tennyson's recognition of the fact that our impressions of external nature depend upon our state of feeling.

57. "the heart's disgrace."—The disgrace of outraged love.

59. "social wants."—The wealth or social standing demanded in a suitor.

60. "social lies."—The undue regard paid by society to rank and fortune. "the living truth" that our estimate of our fellow man should depend upon his personal qualities.

62. "straitened forehead."—Cf. l. 175.

68. "crow."—The rook. See note on the May Queen, l. 17.

69. "division of the records—mind."—Separating the memory of Amy, when faithless, from that of Amy when loving and true.

75. "Comfort," cf. l. 69, "the poet."—Dante, of whose words the following is a literal translation: "There is no greater pain than in sorrow to remember the time of happiness."

82. "widowed."—Bereft of true love.

84. "song from out the distance."—The memory of happier days, cf. l. 76.

101. "suitors."—For employment.

102. "an angry fancy."—Sensitive feelings and a strong imagination.

104. "the winds are laid with sound."—It is a fact that the explosion of gunpowder in large quantities causes a stillness in the air.

105. cf. *Maud*, xxviii. 2.



107. Can he in his state of sadness go back to his old pursuits?

108. "Mother age."—The age which gave him being.

112. cf. Longfellow's *Hanging of the Crane* :

"Youths who in their strength elate,  
Challenge the van and front of fate."

114. The effect noticed here is still more apparent when electricity is the illuminating agent.

118. "earnest."—Something accomplished that is a guarantee of further achievements.

121. If we may believe the newspapers, attempts are now being made on a large scale to develop a scheme of aerial navigation.

"argosies."—Richly laden merchant vessels.

123. "a ghastly dew."—Blood from the conflict raging in the skies.

126. "the thunder storm."—These words are, I think, used in the same way as "of the purple twilight," to call to mind natural phenomena associated with the thought of air ships.

127. Such destruction as could be wrought from air-ships would surely soon put an end to war. It is prophesied that smokeless powder and repeating rifles will have this effect.

129. "of most."—Of the majority of the nations.

135-6. "slowly comes—fire."—The thought seems to be of the wealthy and privileged classes blindly trusting in the prestige their rank has hitherto afforded, while the people are learning their power and advancing to exercise it.

"fire."—an allusion to the custom of lighting fires about encampments to scare away wild beasts.

137. "one increasing purpose."—The law of human progress.

138. "the process of the suns."—Ages, sun cycles.

139-40. Our individual griefs make us forget the fulness and freshness of human life in the aggregate.

142. Cf. l. 144. Though he cannot yet act upon it, he knows the truth, that rest is to be found only in self-forgetfulness.

145. Cf. ll. 1 and 2.

149-152. The student should compare with this the passage near the end of *The Princess*, beginning :

“ For woman is not undeveloped man  
But diverse.”

153. See lines 99 and 100. Cf. “ You ask me why.” l. 3.

155. The Mahrattas are a people of Central Asia with whom the English were long at war.

160. “ **knots.**”—The clusters of trees, or the islands upon which they grow. Cf. l. 164.

164. “ **spheres of sea.**”—the limitless ocean.

175. “ **gains.**”—In intellectual progress.

178. “ **the heir—time.**”—In a position to profit by all the attainments of humanity in the past.

180. In Joshua, x. 12, it is stated that the Almighty, at Joshua's prayer, caused the sun and moon to stand still until the Israelites had avenged themselves upon their enemies the Amorites.

181. “ **beacons.**”—Signals us to advance.

182. “ **ringing.**”—With sounds of activity and life.

“ **change.**”—Progress, the opposite to the stagnation referred to in preceding passage.

183. Cf. l. 158. In going from the East to the West we pass to a land of newer and higher civilization.

184. “ **cycle,**” age, “ **Cathay.**”—China, reputed to be one of the most conservative of countries.

185. “ **mine.**”—My mother, cf. l. 156.

186. “ **Rift the hills, etc.**”—Achievements of modern science.

191. “ **holt.**”—A wood or wooded hill.

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## YOU ASK ME WHY.

This and the two following selections afford an opportunity for studying Tennyson's political opinions. The student should also investigate the means whereby the poet has sought to give poetic interest to these abstract themes.

1. "ill at ease" is explained by lines 3 and 4.

3 and 4. "Whose spirits falter—seas."—The poet has in mind the contrast between England with its foggy climate, and the sunny South where the seas reflect the color of the deep blue skies. Cf. Locksley Hall, l. 164.

6. "suited," dressed. Freedom is usually found associated with simple habits of living.

15. "diffusive thought," *e.g.*, some movement for social or political reform that has to overcome deep rooted prejudices, before it can exercise its due influence.

17. "banded unions."—The poet is probably thinking of those who in their zealous efforts to force men to conform to their opinions, strive to bring about the enactment of laws that would lay restraints upon personal liberty of thought and action.

19. "civil crime."—A crime against the state.

## OF OLD SAT FREEDOM.

1. "on the heights," far above man, surrounded by the grand and awful forces of nature ; with the raging thunder storm below her, the trembling stars above and the roar of the mountain-torrents within hearing.

6. "Self-gathered—mind."—Communing with herself about the work she foresaw was to be hers.

11, 12. Cf. ll. 11 and 12 of the preceding poem.

14. "isle-altar."—Comparing this with ll. 5 to 12 of the last poem, it would seem that Tennyson intends to represent Freedom as choosing

England for her sanctuary. Representing her therefore as the tutelary genius of the land, he describes her as bearing "*the triple-forks*," i.e., the trident, emblematical of maritime supremacy, and "*the crown*," emblematical of that monarchical form of government by which some people think the liberty of Britain is conserved.

19. "**youth**," i.e., youth in all its vigor.

20. "**tears**."—At the consciousness of impotence

24. "**extremes**."—The poet is probably thinking of the contrast between the excesses into which some nations (notably the French) have been led in their struggles for liberty, and the steady growth of English freedom.

#### LOVE THOU THY LAND.

1. "**far-brought—past**."—Founded upon the glorious memories of the past.

2. "**transfused—thought**."—Inspiring us to look forward to her increased prosperity in the future.

5. "**turned—poles**."—unwavering.

9. "**pamper—time**."—Do not help to bring about reforms for which the times are not ripe. Cf. l. 95.

10. "**feed—wings**."—Pander to the eager and foolish fancies of the masses.

12. "**lime**."—Catch in a snare, mislead by sophistry.

14. "**the ray**."—The light of knowledge.

21. "**what main—currents—years**."—The tendencies of the times.

21. "**cut prejudice—grain**."—Attack it unsparingly.

24. "**peers**."—Fellow men.

28. "**watch-words**," cf. "**ancient saw**," "**modern term**."—Old sayings and current maxims accepted as true without due consideration of their import.

34. "With Life."—As a living truth, full of power.

36. "close."—Sum up.

37-40. There is an evolution in nature, as in political and social institutions.

44. "the basis of the soul."—The ego, the individual self, that gives continuity to the various phases of our existence.

47. "a joint of state."—A part of the state polity, duly fitted to its place.

51. "thunder-peals."—cf. ll. 73-80.

52. "Thought has wedded fact."—Theories of reform have been carried into practice.

53-56—*e.g.*, the labor troubles, "combines," etc., of to-day may be precursors of beneficent social reforms.

57-58.—The development of complete liberty will be associated with painful struggles.

59. *e.g.*, the industrial republic imagined by Bellamy in "Looking Backward."

60. "new majesties—states—" the splendid development of some young nations.

61. "warders—hour."—Sentinels announcing the approach of a new era.

64. "contrivances of power."—The prestige and influence pertaining to long-established institutions.

67. "Regard gradation."—Try to bring about reforms gradually.

68. "race the rising wind."—Force on the change too rapidly, and so (ll. 69-70) bring about the destruction of the too fondly worshipped scheme of reform.

74. "manhood—youth."—Of the human race.

78. "shock."—Dash together in conflict.

80. "rained in blood."—Established with bloodshed.

82. "shame and guilt."—The shame and guilt of bloody strife.

84. "But with—like Peace."—Striving to appease dissensions, but ready, if need be, to fight for the right.

85. "tho' days of Faction bay."—Though assailed by factious cries.

90. "nor veil his eyes."—So as not to see the evil.

94. cf. Carlyle. "The works of a man . . . do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Life was in a man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities, remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things."

95. "Earn—months."—Gain time by employing it wisely.

### ULYSSES.

This poem affords a study of a character modified or developed by the force of peculiar circumstances. It shows Tennyson's power as a writer of blank verse.

1. "an idle king."—Ulysses was one of the Greek princes who took part in the war against Troy. He was celebrated above all his associates for wisdom, fortitude and eloquence. The voyage home from Troy occupied twenty years, and the wonderful adventures he met with during that time form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*. Homer relates nothing of his career after his return, but many other poets have made him the subject of their verse. Dante, in the *Inferno*, represents him as expressing feelings very similar to those here attributed to him. Shakespeare too, in *Troilus and Cressida*, makes him say :

"To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail  
In monumental mockery."

2. "barren crags."—Ithaca, that formed the Kingdom of Ulysses, is a rocky island near the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth.

3. "an aged wife."—Penelope, celebrated for her faithfulness to her husband and for her thrift.

4. "unequal laws."—Imperfect laws based upon the customs of a semi-civilized people.

7. "lees."—Dregs.

10. "rainy Hyades."—Cf. Virgil's "pluvias Hyades," a group of stars at the head of Taurus. They were supposed to have been originally

nymphs who were placed in the heavens by Jupiter to reward them for the sisterly love shown by their persistent mourning for their brother Hyas. Hence they were called the weeping Hyades and were supposed to cause rainfall.

11. "become a name."—Gained a reputation.

12. "hungry."—Eager for new experiences.

16. "peers."—Foes equal to him in valor and strength. Cf. Scott.

"And the stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

17. "ringing."—With the sounds of battle.

"windy."—Troy was situated on a plain lying between the mountains and the sea.

18. I am a part—met."—Man's nature is so modified by his experiences that he may be said to derive his identity from them.

19-21. "Yet all experiences—move."—Experience makes us realize the vast extent of the new experiences possible; the more we know, the more we see there is to learn, and the more we desire to attain further knowledge.

26-28. "but every hour—new things."—Every hour spent in active life is something snatched from the eternal silence of death; it is indeed something more, the bringer of new knowledge.

20. "some three suns."—The few years of life left him.

30. "like a sinking star."—Cf. l. 20.

35. "discerning."—Discreet, skilful.

45. "My mariners."—In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses is represented as returning alone to Ithaca.

53. "strove with Gods."—Ulysses incurred the enmity of Neptune because he slew Polyphemus, the son of the sea-god; and that of Jupiter, because his sailors killed the cattle of Helios. Mars, too, is said to have fought in the Trojan ranks against the Greeks.

58. "smite the sounding furrows."—Beat upon the waves with the oars of their vessel. In the *Æneid* (Book v, ll. 142-3) there is a passage the meaning of which is nearly identical with this, where 'sulcos,' the Latin equivalent for 'furrows,' seems to mean the path of the ship as it plows through the water.

60. "the baths of all the western stars,"—The place where they were supposed to sink into the sea.

63. "Happy Isles."—Islands, according to the Greek myths, situated at the verge of the western ocean, where the favorites of the gods, rescued from death, lived in perfect happiness; or where the virtuous dwelt after death.

64. "Achilles."—The Greek warrior who in the Trojan war was most distinguished for strength and valor. He was said to have been slain by Paris, or by Apollo in the likeness of Paris.

68. "equal."—Constant, unchanging.

"temper."—Character, constitution.

### ST. AGNES' EVE.

The student should try to realize the circumstances under which the words of the poem are supposed to be uttered; and to understand the character and feelings of the speaker.

The legend upon which the poem is founded is thus stated in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats;

"They told her how upon Saint Agnes' Eve  
Young virgins might have visions of delight  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties lily white,  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire."

The spirit of Keats' poem is quite different from that of Tennyson's. The vision granted to the heroine of the former is that of an earthly bridegroom.

7. "creeping hours."—Cf. l. 4.

15. "the pale taper's—spark."—the light of the candle she is carrying.



16. "**argent round.**"—The full moon with its silver light.

21. "**break up.**"—Open.

22. "**a glittering star.**"—Bright in the radiance of her purified spirit.

There is perhaps an allusion to the beautiful superstition that when a shooting star is seen, some soul is departing from its earthly home.

26. "**flashes.**"—Of the brightness from within.

29. "**deepens up and up.**"—Discloses more and more of the glory within.

34. "**one Sabbath—wide.**"—One unending Sabbath.

35. "**the shining sea.**"—Cf. Rev. xv. 2. "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and they that had gotten the victory . . . stand on the sea of glass having the harps of God."

### SIR GALAHAD.

The spirit of this poem should be compared with that of St. Agnes' Eve, for which it forms a sort of fellow picture. Parts of the Holy Grail in which a fuller account of Sir Galahad is given, should be read. A comparison of Tennyson's account of Sir Galahad with that of Sir Thomas Mallory in the *Morte d'Arthur* serves to illustrate the progress England has made in refinement during the last few centuries.

1. "**casques.**"—Helmets.

5. "**shattering.**"—To realize the force of this epithet, one has only to call to mind the sound of the trumpet.

6. "**brands.**"—Swords.

9. "**lists.**"—The ground enclosed for a tournament.

16. "**To save from shame and thrall.**"—It was the duty of the Knight to rescue distressed damsels. Cf. Gareth's quest, in "Gareth and Lynette."

18. "**crypt.**"—An underground cell or chapel.

21. "**More bounteous aspects.**"—Sights affording greater fulness of joy. See the stanzas following.

25. "the stormy crescent."—The crescent moon among storm-clouds.

31. "stalls."—The seats in a church occupied by the clergy or the choir.

34. "vessels."—The vessels for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

35. "bell."—The bell rung at the elevation of the Host in Catholic churches.

"censer."—The vessel in which incense is burnt.

37. "meres."—Lakes.

42. "the holy Grail." The cup used by Christ at the last supper was said to have been brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. The sight of it was vouchsafed only to the perfectly pure. Read "The Holy Grail" in which is described at length Sir Galahad's success in the quest of the holy vessel.

43. "folded."—Crossed.

"stoles."—Long robes.

46. "mortal bars."—Its prison-house of flesh. Cf. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

"Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

47. "down dark tides."—Over the waves in the darkness.

53. "leads."—The lead-covered roofs.

67. "lilies."—The lily, the beautiful emblem of purity and peace, is often associated with the thoughts of heaven.

69. "stricken by—hand."—Touched by heavenly influences.

71. "weight and size."—Cf. l. 46.

74. "mountain-walls."—Cf. l. 57.

75. "shakes."—This word describes the tremulous pulsations of the music.

76. "move—nod."—The very trees seem to be affected by the sweetness of the strains.

77. "Wings."—Of angels.

80. "hostel."—Inn. "grange."—Farm house.

82. "pale."—Enclosure.

## ENID.

This poem is one of the series known as "The Idylls of the King" (see page 137). The story of Enid is taken from "The Mabinogion," a translation by Lady Charlotte Guest of the legends contained in "The Red Book of Hergest." In order to enable the student to appreciate the taste and skill shown by Tennyson in the use he makes of these old legends, I think it well to state the main points of difference between the Mabinogi, "Geraint the son of Erbin," and "Enid and Geraint." I will also quote in full a short passage from the Lady Guest's translation of the old Welsh legend.

In the Mabinogi the events are narrated as nearly as possible in chronological order, the story beginning with the account of the hunt of the white stag.

Edyrn, the son of Nudd, the Knight of the Sparrow-hawk, is not the same person as the nephew of Yniol.

The town where Geraint defeated Edyrn is identified as Cardiff.

There is no reference to Lancelot in the Mabinogi.

Geraint leaves Arthur's Court at the request of his aged father, Erbin, king of Cornwall.

The dress worn by Enid when she accompanies her husband on his search for adventures, is not said to be the same she wore when she went from her father's house to Arthur's Court.

The horsemen slain by Geraint at the beginning of his quest are in bands of four, three and five.

The person called Earl Limours by Tennyson is Earl Doorm in the Mabinogi, and *vice versa*.

Nothing is said of Earl Doorm's (Limours in Tennyson's poem) having been an old suitor of Enid.

After defeating Doorm and his followers, Geraint is wounded in an encounter with Gwiffert Petit, or Little King.

Then he meets King Arthur's army, and after fighting with two of the knights of the Round Table, he is recognized, and entrapped into an interview with the king.

Arthur causes him to remain with the army till he has quite recovered from his wounds.

The wound which led to his being taken to the castle of Limours, was received in an encounter with three giants.

In escaping from the castle of Limours, he meets not Edyrn, but Little King, who takes him to the court of a relative that his wounds may receive medical treatment.

On his recovery, after defeating a knight who maintains magic games, he returns to his own dominions "and thenceforth he reigned prosperously, and his warlike fame and splendor lasted with renown and honor both to him and to Enid from that time forth."

There is nothing in the Mabinogi to indicate that Geraint considered his treatment of Enid other than most magnanimous.

The following is the account given in the Mabinogi of what passed during Geraint's stay at the castle of Yniol, up to the time of the tournament :

"And beside her was a maiden, upon whom were a vest and a veil that were old and beginning to be worn out. And truly he never saw a maiden more full of comeliness and grace and beauty than she. And the hoary-headed man said to the maiden, "There is no attendant for the horse of this youth but thyself."

"I will render the best service I am able," said she, "both to him and to his horse." And the maiden disarrayed the youth, and then she furnished his horse with straw and with corn. And she went to the hall as before, and then she returned to the chamber.

And the hoary-headed man said to the maiden, "Go to the town," said he, "and bring hither the best that thou canst find both of food and of liquor."

"I will gladly, lord," said she. And to the town went the maiden. And they conversed together while the maiden was at the town. And behold! the maiden came back and a youth with her, bearing on his back a costrel full of good purchased mead, and a quarter of a young bullock. And in the hands of the maiden was a quantity of white bread, and she had some manchet bread in her veil, and she came into the chamber. "I could not obtain better than this," said she, "nor with better should I have been trusted."

"It is good enough," said Geraint. And they caused the meat to be boiled; and when their food was ready, they sat down. And it was on this wise: Geraint sat between the hoary-headed man and his wife, and the maiden served them. And they eat and drank."

Then, after a conversation on the subject of Yniol's nephew and of the Knight of the Sparrow-hawk, the story proceeds as follows:

"Sir," said Geraint, "what is thy counsel to me concerning this knight, on account of his insult which I received from the dwarf, and that which was received by the maiden of Gwenhywvar, the wife of Arthur?" And Geraint told the hoary-headed man what the insult was that he had received.

"It is not easy to counsel thee, inasmuch as thou hast neither dame nor maiden belonging to thee for whom thou canst joust. Yet I have arms here which thou couldst have, and there is my horse also, if he seem to thee better than thine own."

"Ah, sir," said he, "Heaven reward thee ! But my own horse to which I am accustomed, together with thy arms, will suffice. And if, when the appointed time shall come to-morrow, thou wilt permit me, sir, to challenge for yonder maiden that is thy daughter, I will engage, if I escape from the tournament, to love the maiden as long as I live ; and, if I do not escape, she will remain as before."

"Gladly will I permit thee," said the hoary-headed man ; and since thou dost thus resolve, it is necessary that thy horse and arms should be ready to-morrow at break of day. For then the Knight of the Sparrow-hawk will make proclamation, and ask the lady he loves best to take the Sparrow-hawk. For will he say to her, 'thou art the fairest of women, and thou didst possess it last year and the year previous ; and if any deny it thee to-day, by force will I defend it for thee.' And therefore," said the hoary-headed man, "it is needful for thee to be there at daybreak ; and we three will be with thee." And thus was it settled.

And at night, lo ! they went to sleep. And before the dawn they arose and arrayed themselves ; and by the time that it was day, they were all four in the meadow. And there was the Knight of the Sparrow-hawk making the proclamation, and asking his lady-love to fetch the Sparrow-hawk."

Then follows a description of the tournament. This account occupies more space than the foregoing passages.

In order to understand many allusions in "Enid and Geraint," the student should read the following idylls : "The Coming of Arthur," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," "The Passing of Arthur."

In his dedication of the "Idylls" to the Queen, Tennyson writes :

"Accept this old imperfect tale  
New old, and shadowing sense at war with soul,  
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,  
Streams like a cloud, man shaped, from mountain-peak  
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech."

The moral lessons stated or illustrated in Enid should be pointed out by the student. The portrayal of character, and, above all, the imagery and word-painting, will repay the most careful examination.

1. "**Arthur's.**"—King Arthur, the hero of the lays of the Welsh bards, and of the songs of the minstrels of France and Germany, is supposed to have reigned in the sixth century over a tribe of the ancient Britons. He is said to have founded a new order of chivalry, the Knights of the Round Table, and to have defeated the heathen in several great battles. The question whether he actually existed or not is a matter of controversy ; this much, however, is certain, that by the end of the twelfth century the name King Arthur had come to stand for an ideal of all that was highest and noblest in chivalry. The most important of the legends that sprang up concerning him and his knights form the substance of the Idylls of the King.

3. "**Order of the Table Round.**"—In the "*Morte d'Arthur*" of Sir Thomas Mallory, it is stated that King Leodogrance, the father of Guinevere, gave to King Arthur as the dowry of his daughter "the Table Round . . . which when it is full there is an hundred knights and fifty." The "ordaining" of these knights and the blessing of their "sieges" by the Archbishop of Canterbury are fully described in Sir Thomas Mallory's work, also the mode in which the remaining fifty "sieges" were filled.

13. "**fronted.**"—Comes before him.

25. "**Touching—Lancelot.**"—The Queen's guilty passion for Lancelot, the bravest, and in most respects one of the noblest of the Knights of the Round Table, was the cause of the disasters that befell Arthur's kingdom. Read "*Elaine*" and "*Guinevere.*"

35. "**caitiff.**"—A word much used by writers of olden times to denote a man of low character.

37. "**whatever loathes.**"—All who loathe.

41. "**Marches.**"—Boundaries; the word is still used in speaking of the border land between England and Wales.

44. "**to the shores of Severn.**"—Arthur's court was held at Caerleon on the Usk in Monmouthshire, so Geraint had to cross the Severn on his way to Devon.

70. "**new.**"—Newly risen.

75. "**square.**"—The muscles of a man's chest when strongly developed stand out in a mass nearly square in form.

92. "**name.**"—Reputation.

93. "**liever.**"—Rather, still commonly used in English dialects.

"**harness.**"—Armor.

100. "**darken'd—eyes.**"—In her humility feeling insignificant before his proud glance.

116. "**For.**"—Notwithstanding.

121. "**pang.**"—Of jealousy.

126. "**charger.**"—War-horse. "**palfrey.**"—A small saddle-horse.

127. "**spurs—win.**"—In the age of chivalry, the golden spurs, the badge of knighthood, were only to be won by some deed of valor.

138. "**summer.**"—In England it is still the custom to lay between the folds of household linen, etc., sprigs of the sweet-scented lavender.

145. "**Whitsuntide.**"—A church festival coming in the spring.

146. "**Caerleon.**"—A town on the Usk in Monmouthshire, where Arthur is represented as at times holding his court.

148. "**Dean.**"—A large part of Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire is still called "the Forest of Dean."

174. "**tributary prince.**"—See l. 3.

182. "**break covert.**"—Drive the game from the wood into the open fields.

185. "**Cavall.**"—This hound is often mentioned in the old legends of King Arthur; e. g., in the Mabinogi, "**Kilhwch and Olwen,**" we are told how Cavall slew the boar Trwyth.

186. "**of deepest mouth.**"—Hounds announce the discovery of the game by "giving tongue." Hence a clear, deep-toned bark is valued in the hound.

189. "**visor.**"—The part of the helmet covering the face.

195. "**doubling.**"—Possessing a double measure of.

210. "**abolish.**"—Slay, put an end to.

213. "**to be.**"—At being.

217. "**earths.**"—The burrow of the fox is called its "earth."

220. "**for pledge.**"—On giving security for payment.

244. "**white—hand.**"—In all the glare of its newness.

248. "**shingly.**"—Covered with coarse gravel.

240. "**rooks.**"—See note on the May Queen, l. 61.

255. "**hostel.**"—The old form of the word hotel.

256. "**hiss.**"—English grooms usually make a hissing sound as they rub down their horses. Tennyson describes the servants as polishing armour to the same accompaniment.

262. "**smitten—beam.**"—With the hot rays of the afternoon sun eating upon him as he toiled along the dusty road.

274. "**pips.**"—The pip is a disease to which birds are subject.

306. "**passion.**"—Fagerness.



309. "**hedge-row--thief.**"—The sparrow-hawk preys upon the small birds in the hedge-rows.

313. "**prickly star.**"—The thistle plant, when it first comes above the ground, assumes a star-shaped form.

322. "**hairy-fibred arms.**"—The stem of the English ivy with the hair-like roots by means of which it attaches itself to stone-work, etc.

325. "**a knot—grove.**"—The twisting snake-like stems visible below, the luxuriant foliage above.

335. "**abroad.**"—Out of doors.

339. "**coppice.**"—A wood of second growth timber.

"**gemmed—red.**"—Within sight of my window as I write (May 9th) are two trees that illustrate perfectly this phrase. Both are maples, one with clusters of green staminate flowers and opening leaf-buds; the other studded with half-opened leaves of a rich, red color. English woods no doubt afford similar pictures.

356. "**staring.**"—With foolish interest in the turns of Fortune's wheel.

357. "**shadows in the cloud.**"—The ups and downs of fortune are nothing to the philosopher.

364. "**vermeil—white.**"—Red (vermilion) and white

368. "**rood.**"—Cross.

375. "**fain.**"—Eager.

386. "**costrel.**"—A jar or bottle.

"**manchet.**"—A small loaf of fine bread.

412. "**under-shapen.**"—Under sized, misshapen.

419-420. "**They take—world.**"—They regard the petty affairs of their town as of world-wide importance. Cf. l. 276.

432. "**Camelot.**"—According to the old legends, the capital of Arthur's Kingdom. It is usually identified with the town of Queen's-Camel in Somersetshire, where the legends of the ancient Camelot are still extant among the peasantry.

437. "**grateful.**"—Pleasing. "**noise.**"—Report, account.

443. "**wild—land.**"—Cf. ll. 879-883.



460. "that new fort."—Cf. l. 243.

486. "what knight—be."—Any knight who may be.

491. "toppling—antagonism."—Overthrowing all who have opposed him.

531-2. "and ever fail'd—blood."—Cf. Longfellow's Hymn to the Night.

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—  
From those deep cisterns flows!"

534. "bloodless."—The cold, white light of the early dawn. Cf. Locksley Hall, l. 114.

543. "The chair of Idris."—Of the great astronomers (of Celtic history), the first named is Idris the Giant whose memory is perpetuated by one of the highest and most pointed mountains in North Wales, called the Cader Idris (the chair or keep of Idris). *Davies' "Celtic Researches."* There are many old Welsh traditions concerning this mountain, on one of which is founded Mrs. Heman's poem "The Rock of Cader Idris." Nothing is said in the Mabinogion about any contest in pushing the mountain, though from the words he uses here, I have little doubt that Tennyson has met with such a story among old Celtic legends. Perhaps, however, it simply means that Geraint felt that he could perform wonders, *e.g.*, move a mountain, for Enid's sake.

547. "lists."—See Sir Galahad, l. 9.

558. "Yule."—Christmas. In some of the rural districts of England the burning of the Yule log is still an important part of the Christmas festivities. Vide Washington Irving's Sketch Book.

565-6. "from distant walls—hands."—The poet seems to be thinking of the confused sounds of the applause to the ears of the excited combatants.

596. "the great battle."—The battle between Arthur and his nephew, the traitor Modred. Read "The Passing of Arthur."

597. "low splendour."—The splendour of the rising sun.

599. "her ivy."—The ivy growing about her window.

611-614. "For as a leaf—Geraint."—The contrast between her old

dress and Geraint's gay costume made the former look shabbier than ever.

629. "**liefer.**"—See note on l. 94.

659. "**trellis-work.**"—Lattice work, in this case the gilded wire of the aviary.

660. "**garnet.**"—A precious stone of a rich red color.

"**turkis.**"—Turquoise, a bright blue stone.

663. "**silver tissue.**"—Cloth with silver threads interwoven.

672. "**mixen.**"—A place for throwing filth and rubbish.

682. "**polish of the wave.**"—The polish due to the action of the water.

710. "**seneschal.**"—The steward, major domo.

712. "**maintenance.**"—Style of living.

724. "**ragged-robin.**"—A common plant in English hedge-rows, bearing a white or pinkish flower with sparse, slender petals.

731. "**Queen Esther.**"—In the second chapter of the book of Esther we are told that Ahasuerus, who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, put away Vashti, his wife, because she refused to display her beauty before him and his fellow-revellers. He then caused to be brought to him the most beautiful virgins in his dominions, and chose from among them Esther, the Jewess, to be his queen.

735. "**Parts.**"—Departs, rises.

743. "**Gwydion.**"—One of the Mabinogion, "The Son of Mathonwy," relates how Gwydion made a wife for a young man who was doomed to remain unwedded to any human spouse, out of "the blossoms of the oak, the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw."

745. "**Flur.**"—In the Triads of the Welsh Bards it is said that "Murchan the thief," King of Gascony, carried off Flur, the daughter of Mygnach the dwarf, and gave her to Cæsar. Caswallon, a British prince, went with a great host through Brittany into Gascony and delivered Flur from Cæsar. It was to regain Flur, whom Caswallon took with him to Britain, that Cæsar first invaded that country.

764. "**flaws.**"—Sudden gusts of wind.

774. "**robins**,"—Cf. note on Locksley Hall, l. 17; The Robin is much beloved by the people of England. It often becomes so tame that it will hop about, quite close to a man digging, looking for worms, etc. In the same way I have seen the chickadee of our woods watch an axeman at work.

786. "**estate**."—Circumstances.

813. "**intermitted**."—Laid aside for a time.

820. "**gaudy-day**."—Day of rejoicing.

830. "**the goodly hills of Somerset**."—The Mendip Hills are just opposite Caerleon, on the other side of the Bristol Channel. Tennyson paid a visit to South Wales when he was writing "Enid," to make sure that his descriptions of scenery, etc., were correct.

832. "**the yellow sea**."—The Bristol Channel forms the estuary of the Severn, the Avon, the Wye and the Usk. Its head waters are therefore somewhat turbid in the Spring.

840. "**Dubric**."—Cf. l. 1723. In "The Coming of Arthur" Dubric is said to have married Arthur to Guinevere and is spoken of as "Chief of the Church in Britain."

881. "**marches**."—Cf. note on l. 41.

882. "**hern**."—The heron, a bird closely resembling our crane.

890. "**observances**."—Attentions.

898. "**that unnoticed failing**."—Cf. l. 131.

900. "**great plover's-whistle**."—Cf. note on "The May Queen," l. 62.

903. "**If there—me**."—Cf. l. 898.

941. "**windy buffet**."—A blow so vigorous that it seemed to cause a wind.

957. "**loosed**."—Given vent to.

967. "**the full-tided Usk**."—Up the rivers flowing into the Bristol Channel, the tide advances like a wall of water, and after reaching its height, rapidly recedes again.

970. "**shallow**."—An antonym for deep, the outskirts of the forest.

971. "**stubborn-shafted**."—With their rigid trunks.

1010. "**corselet**."—The piece of armor covering the body.

1024. "**drumming.**"—With a constant hollow sound like the rolling of a drum.

1040. "**disedge.**"—Lessen the sharpness of.

1040. "**chased.**"—Set like a jewel. This word usually means engraved.

1076. "**guerdon.**"—Recompense.

1084. "**angrier.**"—More eager.

1098. "**doom.**"—Judgment, solemn statement.

1106. "**daws.**"—Jackdaws, small birds of the crow species, common in Europe about church steeples and other lofty buildings.

1109. "**annulet.**"—A little ring.

1118. "**Or two wild men—shield.**"—An allusion to the somewhat common heraldic device of two savages armed with clubs, standing one on each side of a shield.

1127. "**her suitor.**"—Cf. ll. 440, etc.

1146. "**facets.**"—The polished surfaces "cut" on a precious stone.

1163. "**civility.**"—Refinement.

1170. "**the whole—are.**"—You owe me a debt only to be paid by giving me your dear self.

1176. "**bicker.**"—Engage in petty quarrels.

1191. "**moat.**"—A trench dug around a castle or dungeon to defend its walls from attack.

1102. "**keep.**"—Stronghold, dungeon.

1200. "**the fancy of it.**"—What he fancied was self-pity.

1207. "**practise on me.**"—Deceive me.

1210. "**brandished plume.**"—He takes off his plumed hat as he makes a low bow.

1229. "**rootless thorn.**"—A hawthorn tree insecurely rooted, and so incapable of supporting her weight as she clung to it.

1256. "**like a household Spirit.**"—Passing like a ghost through the house when all its inmates are asleep. There may be a reference to the mode in which spirits are supposed to manifest themselves, by mysterious rappings, etc.

1284. "**As careful robins—toil.**"—Cf. l. 774.
1292. "**shaking.**"—With the dread their lord inspired in them.
1299. "**beat a dewy blade.**"—Shone upon grass still wet with dew.
1302. "**bicker.**"—Sparkle.
1303. "**behest.**"—Command.
1312. "**Whose skirts—storm.**"—The cloud is rent and swept away by the storm it seems to bring.
1319. "**rout.**"—Disorderly crowd.
1320. "**the flash and motion.**"—The fiery energy and the rapidity of his movements.
1324. "**dykes.**"—Ditches, watercourses.
1328. "**cressy islets.**"—In the shallow streams of England are usually to be seen tufts of watercress.
1333. "**like a stormy sunlight.**"—A sarcastic smile lighted up his gloomy face for a moment.
1345. "**That we may meet—Doorm.**"—Probably so as to have an opportunity of fighting with them and taking from them their horses and armor.
1358. "**his eyes darkened—wagged.**"—His sight grew dim and he reeled in his saddle.
1378. "**perilous pity.**"—Pity that would endanger the one who showed it.
1384. "**Before an ever-fancied arrow.**"—In constant dread of being shot.
1385. "**smoke.**"—With the dust he raised.
1419. "**litter-bier.**"—A vehicle to be used as a litter for the wounded or a bier for the dead.
1422. "**the hollow of his shield.**"—The usual litter of the dead or wounded soldier in the age of chivalry.
1466. "**out of her—him.**"—Her presence exercised a subtle influence upon him.
1490. "**their best.**"—The best of their sex.

1529. "**flout.**"—Mockery.

1531. "**butt against.**"—Oppose.

1534. "**weed.**"—Garment, still used in the phrase widow's weeds.

1542. "**Where like the shoaling sea—green.**"—The waves as they roll change from the blue of the surface that reflects the color of the sky to the green of the side that is in shadow ; or the poet may be thinking of the gradual change of the color of "the shoaling sea" from the blue of the deep to the green of the shallow water.

1551. "**their hour.**"—The hour of vengeance.

1557. "**quest.**"—The journey of a knight errant in pursuit of adventures.

1600. "**blunt and stupid.**"—A great and unexpected joy stuns at first.

1606. "**Who now no more—thief.**"—Cf. l. 1388.

1617. "**the four rivers.**"—Cf. Gen. ii. 10. "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden ; and from thence it was parted and became unto four heads."

1620. "**Puts hand to hand—heart.**"—Put her arms around her husband's body as she rode behind him.

1622. "**a happy mist—rain.**"—Cf. Gen. ii. 5 and 6. "for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth . . . But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

1628. "**laid his lance in rest.**"—Placed it in a horizontal position ready to charge.

1634. "**Edyrn son of Nudd.**"—Cf. l. 575-595.

1666. "**after madness—asked.**"—Questions concerning his mad acts.

1674. "**In a hollow land—ruin.**"—The thought is probably of the crater of an extinct or slumbering volcano.

1680. "**sparkle.**"—Spark.

1687. "**toppling over all antagonism,**"—Cf. l. 491.

1695. "**answered.**"—Corresponded to, in color and in truth.

1718. "**Dubric.**"—Cf. l. 840.

1743. "**reproof.**"—Self-reproof.

1745. "**alien.**"—Of others, like the Latin *alienus*.

1756. "**quitch.**"—The couch-grass, or as it is commonly called in Canada, "skutch-grass;" a very troublesome and persistent weed.

1757. "**of blood and custom.**"—Innate and strengthened by habit.

1763. "**sanest.**"—Most wise and reasonable.

1775. "**leech.**"—Physician.

1781. "**As the south-west—Dee.**"—The Dee, a river in North Wales, flows north-east out of Lake Bala. A south-west wind would therefore cause the water of the river to rise. The Dee was regarded as sacred by the ancient Britons.

1788. "**Men weed the white horse.**"—In a range of chalk hills in Berkshire is the White Horse Hill, so called because since very ancient times the figure of a horse has been defied on the hillside by stripping off the soil from the chalk rock beneath.

1802. "**converse.**"—Intercourse.

1810. "**the spiteful whispers.**"—Cf ll. 57, etc.

1821. "**the heathen of the Northern Sea.**"—The Saxon or Danish invaders of Britain.

### THE REVENGE.

This poem was first published in the *Century* in March, 1878. The event it commemorates was described in his most powerful style by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is from his narrative that Tennyson derived the matter of this poem.

The war between England and Spain, of which the defeat of the Armada in 1588 was the most important incident, was carried on for the most part by privateers who repaid themselves for the services they rendered to their country by plundering the Spanish settlements in America, or by capturing the richly-laden Spanish galleons on their way from the colonies to the mother land. The fleet of which Sir

Richard Grenville was vice-admiral, had been fitted out for the purpose of intercepting the treasure ships with whose convoy he engaged in the memorable struggle that forms the topic for this ballad.

The student should observe the means employed by Tennyson to make this poem appear the natural utterance of the supposed narrator of the story. Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" gives an excellent idea of the feeling with which the Spaniards were regarded by the English sailors of Elizabeth's reign.—The versification and the imagery of the poem demand careful study.

1. "**Flores.**"—The most westerly of the Azores, a group of islands lying about 800 miles west of Portugal.

2. "**pinnacle.**"—A small, light vessel.

5. "**out of gear.**"—Out of order.

7. "**ships of the line.**"—Line of battle ships, war ships of large size.

12. "**Inquisition.**"—A Spanish ecclesiastical court, actively employed in Elizabeth's day in the suppression of heresy.

"**devildoms.**"—Acts of devilish cruelty.

17. "**Bideford.**"—The home of Sir Richard Grenville, a town in North Devon, in Elizabeth's day one of the chief naval stations in England. Cf. "Westward Ho!"

21. "**the thumbscrew.**"—An instrument of torture constructed so that it could be used to crush the thumb by a slowly increasing pressure.

"**the stake.**"—The pole to which those burnt alive were fastened.

"**for the glory—Lord.**"—In what was supposed to be the interest of religion.

30. "**Seville.**"—A city on the Guadalquivir in Southern Spain the ancient capital of the country. Raleigh speaks of the Spanish fleet as the squadron "of Sivil."

31. "**Don.**"—The common title of the Spanish gentleman.

36. "**sea—lane.**"—The space between the two lines of the Spanish fleet.

42. "**took the breath—sails.**"—Came between them and the wind, and becalmed them.



46. "**galleons.**"—Huge Spanish vessels with lofty stems and sterns, used to convey treasure and merchandise between America and Spain.

48. "**larboard.**"—The left side of the ship. "**starboard,**" the right side.

53. "**pikes.**"—Boarding pikes, short spears.

73. "**sting.**"—The idea is of an insect that is capable of defending itself against creatures greatly superior to it in size and strength, and which even though apparently lifeless may still have the power to injure.

74. "**in vain.**"—Here seems to signify, "as far as the consequences to ourselves were concerned."

99. "**courtly foreign grace.**"—The dignity and politeness of the Spaniard are proverbial.

110. "**swarthier.**"—The complexion of the Spaniard is much darker than that of the Englishman.

111. "**And away—own.**"—The sailor regards his ship as a living creature, and attributes to it his own feelings.

112. "**awoke from sleep.**"—The winds had been negligent in permitting the cruelties of the Spaniards to the Indians to remain so long unpunished

114. "**or ever.**"—Or is the same word as ere, meaning before.

115. "**like the wave—earthquake.**"—At the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, it is said that a wave that rose in some places to a height of sixty feet rolled in upon the shores of Portugal and of the southwest of Spain.

## IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

This poem illustrates Tennyson's sympathies. The student should remark the appropriateness of the language and thought to the character of the person represented as speaking.

6. "**happier.**"—Better pleased.

9. "**And mangle—knee.**"—An allusion to the practise of vivisection.

tion, *i.e.*, dissecting living animals, in order to observe the action of the internal organs.

10. "oorali."—Or curari, a drug that prevents motion, without, it is said, deadening feeling.

26. "Ye do it—these."—Matt. xxv. 40.

30. "sensitive plant."—Several species of mimosæ exhibit the strange peculiarity of shutting up their leaves when they are touched or shaken.

42. "must do it."—Cf. ll. 65 and 69.

63. "phantom cry."—A weird cry as of a spirit.

71. "Say that his day is done."—Cf. ll. 22 and 23.

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## POETRY.

Of many definitions that have been given of poetry one of the best perhaps is that of Ruskin, who says: "Poetry is the presentment in musical form, to the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions." Nearly the same thought is expressed in the following words of Peter Bayne: "After all that philosophers have said, the essentially correct definition of poetry in the concrete is the Beautiful in thought wedded to the Beautiful in sound." Thus the poet must be gifted with a perception of what is beautiful in man and in nature, and with the power of melodious and forcible expression whereby to constrain his fellow-men to enter into his thoughts and feelings. Hence the study of poetry has two divisions: (1) The *Theme* or *Subject Matter*. (2) The *Style* or *Mode of Expression*.

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## SUBJECT MATTER.

Poetry may be classified according to its subject matter, as *Epic*, *Lyric* or *Dramatic*. The *Epic* is a narrative of events, told in the author's own person; it is objective, relying on imagination or memory. Its metrical form is usually simple and uniform. The *Lyric*, on the other hand, does not describe events, but expresses feelings. It is subjective, that is it tends to make us know the poet, while purely epic poetry tends to shut out the author from us. The metrical form of lyric poetry is frequently very elaborate. The *Drama*, like the *Epic*, describes events, but the events unroll themselves before

our eyes, the whole action being contained in the dialogue, aided by stage directions, etc.

#### EPIC POETRY.

Epic poetry has a very wide compass. Its chief forms are :—

(1) The *True Epic* or *Great Epic*, based upon the great traditions or faiths of the human race. To this class belong “The Iliad,” “The Æneid,” and “Paradise Lost.”

(2) The *Historical* or *Legendary Epic*, dealing with themes of less importance than those that form the subjects of the Great Epics. Examples are : Scott’s “Lady of the Lake,” and “The Idylls of the King.”

(3) The *Tale* is lighter in tone than the preceding, generally dealing with themes that have but slight foundation in history or legend, or that are wholly imaginary : “Enoch Arden” is a tale.

(4) The *Ballad* is a legendary epic, distinguished by the condensation and simplicity of its style, and the rapidity of the succession of the incidents narrated, “The Revenge” is an example of the ballad.

The *Allegory* (see page 184) frequently takes the form of an epic poem of class 1, 2 or 3. Dante’s “Divine Comedy” and Spenser’s “Faerie Queene” belong to this class.

*Pastoral* or *Idyllic* poems, though sometimes dramatic in character, are generally epics of class 2 or 3. They are distinguished by the prominence of poetic descriptions of external nature or of manners, the Pastoral, as its name implies, dealing chiefly with the shepherd’s life. Examples are : “The Gardener’s Daughter” and “The May Queen.”

(5) *Reflective* or *Didactic* poetry, that is, poetry that is intended to teach directly some moral lesson. Poems belonging to this class may have a lyric or an epic foundation ; they must, at least, so far be epic, that the poet’s moralizing is

based upon his experience in life. "Love Thou Thy Land" is in the main a didactic poem.

(6) *Descriptive* poetry may be associated with epic, lyric or dramatic verse. A descriptive poem pure and simple may be classed as epic, for it is objective, telling what the author has seen or imagined. If it does not carry us from one event to another, it does lead us from one object to another.

#### LYRIC POETRY.

Lyric poetry may be first sub-divided into *Simple Lyrics* and *Odes*, the latter being "any strain of enthusiastic or exalted lyrical verse directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing with one dignified theme." These classes based upon intensity of feeling and unity of theme may again be subdivided according to the nature of the emotions expressed. So we have :

(1) Those that express *religious* emotions hymns or sacred songs.

(2) Those that express *patriotic* feelings : national songs, war songs, etc.

(3) *Love* lyrics.

(4) Lyrics expressing *love of nature*.

(5) Lyrics of *grief* : elegies, dirges, etc.

(6) *Convivial* lyrics : drinking songs, etc.

(7) *Miscellaneous* lyrics, embracing those that do not appeal to any of the above-mentioned specific feelings.

#### DRAMATIC POETRY.

Dramatic poetry includes (1) poems written in a form *suitable for the purpose of the stage*, and (2) poems *mainly literary*, but in which a plot is wrought out in dialogue or monologue.

Of the first class the subdivisions are *Tragedy*, *Comedy* and what is sometimes called *Tragi-Comedy* or *Reconciling Drama*. *Tragedies* appeal to pity and fear by representing the overthrow of the mortal whose will is opposed to fate. *Comedies*,

on the other hand, generally appeal to our sense of the ludicrous, they take a cheerful view of things, representing the individual as triumphing over the perplexities of life. *Tragic-Comedies* are plays where an appeal is made to pity or fear, but where in the end the hero triumphs over perils and difficulties.

Of dramatic poems of the second class we have (1) *Dramatic Idylls*, (2) *Masks*, that is, stories of romantic adventure couched in dramatic form and introducing supernatural personages, (3) *various minor forms* of dramatic poetry, for instance, the Dramatic Monologue or Monodrama, to which class Tennyson's "Maud" belongs.

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The student must remember that poems are very frequently mixed in character; so epics may contain lyric or dramatic elements; lyrics have descriptive or reflective passages, and a drama may have incorporated with it lyrics in the form of songs, etc.

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## POETIC FORM.

Poetry adopts and idealizes those forms of language that are associated with noble or beautiful thoughts, or with strong emotions; *i.e.*, it uses those forms of expression that are most melodious, forcible, elevated and picturesque.

The means whereby poetry gains MELODY and HARMONY may be considered under the heading:

### METRE.

The natural language of strong emotion, if this emotion be not too violent, has usually a perceptible rhythm. The ideal-

zation of this rhythm constitutes metre, the distinctive attribute of poetic form. The metre of English poetry depends primarily upon *Accent*, but it is also affected by *Time-relations* and *Tone-Color*. Time is concerned with quantity, pauses, slurs and elisions ; and Tone-Color with the quality and arrangement of vowels and consonants. It includes onomatopœia, rhyme and alliteration.

#### ACCENT.

When an English word has two or more syllables, one is uttered with more force than the rest, thus in the verb *présent*, the stress is laid upon the second syllable, while in the noun *présent*, it is upon the first. This stress is called *accent*. Polysyllabic words have a secondary accent ; thus in the word *vérsification*, we have the primary accent upon the fourth syllable and the secondary on the first. Again, of a number of monosyllables, those most weighty in meaning are accentuated.

In poetry the words are so arranged that the accents recur at regular intervals. Each of the groups of which the accented syllable forms part is called a *foot*, groups of a certain number of feet forming *verses* or *lines*. When the lines are arranged so as to form groups of the same metrical structure, each group is called a *stanza*.

*Feet*.—Prosodists usually hold that we never have in English more than two successive unaccented syllables. Hence, with one accent to the foot, a foot cannot contain more than three syllables. In dissyllabic feet, the accent must fall either on the first syllable as in *dúty*, or on the second as in *compláin*. The former is called a *trochee*, the latter an *iamb*. In the same way, in trisyllabic feet, the accent must fall on the first syllable as in *mérrily* ; on the second as in *becóming* ; or on the third, as in *interfére*. The first is called a *dactyl*, the second an *amphibrach*, and the third an *anapest*.

*Verses*.—We describe verses by stating the number of accents

they contain and the prevalent measure. Thus we should style the verse—

“ You must wáke and cáll me éarly, cáll me éarly móther déar,”

a verse of seven accents with an iambic movement. Sometimes the classical terms : monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, etc., are used to designate lines of one, two, three, four, five, six, etc., feet. By those employing these terms the foregoing line would be called an iambic heptameter.

*Stanzas.*—The form of a stanza is described by stating the number and kind of the verses it contains, and the arrangement of the rhymes. To a few only of the vast number of stanza-forms used in English versification are distinguishing names given; only, as far as I know, to one of those used in the poems of this selection; “ You Ask Me Why,” and “ Love Thou Thy Land,” are written in what is called the “ In Memoriam Stanza.”

In some poems, for instance in “ You Ask Me Why,” and “ Locksley Hall,” the metre is throughout very regular. For others, as “ The Revenge,” we cannot formulate a definite metrical scheme. Still there is usually in every poem some form of verse that is employed much more than others, and some seeming irregularities disappear on a close examination. So in “ The Revenge,” if we treat each of the long lines as two of the shorter ones, we find the metre much more regular than at first sight appears. Changes are frequently introduced to make the versification harmonize with the thought expressed. The following lines from “ The Revenge ” afford illustrations of this—

“ Spanish ships of war, at sea, we have sighted fifty three.”

“ Long and loud.”

While trochaic and dactylic measures are especially suited to joyous or passionate themes, the fitness of the metre for the expression of any special feeling depends perhaps as much



upon quantity and tone-color as upon the arrangement of the accents ; thus Ariel's song in *The Tempest*—

“ Merrily, merrily shall I sing now,”

is in the same measure as the first verses of Hood's “*Bridge of Sighs*”—

“ One more unfortunate  
Weary of breath.”

But the rapid movement of the former and the light vowels make it fitly express a feeling of joy, while the slow movement of the latter and the broad vowel sounds adapt it to the pathos of Hood's poem.

A foot that differs from the regular measure of the verse may be introduced for the sake of variety or to give emphasis to some important word :

“ And the Queen herself,  
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done  
Loved her.”

(*Enid*, 14-16.)

#### TIME RELATIONS.

*Quantity*.—The metre of classical poetry depends upon quantity, that is the length of time required for the utterance of the syllable. The rhythm of English verse, while depending primarily upon accent, is likewise to a very important degree based upon time intervals. In the first place, the feet into which our verses may be divided, usually require about the same space of time for their utterance ; thus if a foot of three syllables occurs in a verse the general measure of which is dissyllabic, we usually read it more rapidly than the other feet of the verse. Secondly, a verse, or part of a verse, containing an unusual number of long or short syllables may be introduced for onomatopoeic effect, as in *Locksley Hall*, l. 134.

“ Science moves but *slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.*”

Or in *The Revenge*, ll. 58-60.

“Ship after ship, the *whole night long*, their high-built galleons came,”  
etc.

In the latter the long quantity of the words in italics and their repetition in the two following lines, help to impress us with a sense of the weary struggle the poet is describing.

*Pauses*.—Of equal importance perhaps with quantity as a means of regulating and giving variety to our verse are pauses. There are two kinds of metrical pause, the *compensating* and the *rhythmical*. The *compensating pause* takes the place of an unaccented syllable as in the first line of Tennyson’s poem :

“Break, break, break.”

Sometimes like an additional unaccented syllable it serves to give a more rapid movement to a part of a verse, as in the *May Queen*, l. 18 :

“And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.”

The effect is heightened here by the use of the light syllables “a” and “of” in the last two feet.

The *rhythmical pause* regularly employed is that which serves to mark the end of each verse. When the sense also pauses here, the verse is called *end-stopt*. When the sense does not so pause, the verse is called *run-on*.

“Not less Geraint believed it ; | and there fell  
A horror on him, | lest his gentle wife,  
Thro’ that great tenderness for Guinevere,  
Had suffer’d, | or should suffer any taint  
In nature : | wherefore going to the King,  
He made this pretext, | that his principedom lay  
Close on the borders of a territory,  
Wherein were bandit earls | and caitiff knights,  
Assassins,—and all flyers from the hand  
Of Justice, | and whatever loathes a law.”

(*Enid*, ll. 28-37).

In this passage, ll. 1, 4, 6 and 9 are run-on lines. Another rhythmical pause, called the *cæsura* or *cæsural* pause, generally occurs in verses of more than three accents. The usual place of the *cæsura* is about the middle of the line, but great freedom is shown in its use, and judicious changes in its position add much to the beauty of the rhythm. The foregoing passage is quoted by Abbott and Seeley as illustrating the effect of skilfully varying the position of the *cæsural* pause.

*Slurs*.—When an unaccented syllable or part of such a syllable is uttered very rapidly to make the foot in which it occurs conform to the normal time of the feet of the verse, it is said to be slurred. In the verse,

“Close on the borders of a territory,”

the third syllable of the word *territory* is slurred.

*Elision*.—This term denotes the union of the final vowel of one word with the initial vowel of the word following it, so that the two form a single syllable. Examples of elision are frequent in our older poets. Spencer, for instance, generally elides the “e” of “the” before a vowel, writing “th’ author,” “th’ eternal,” “th’ earth,” etc. We find even “t’ unworthie” for to unworthy. In all these cases, I think, a modern poet would slur the syllable rather than elide the vowel.

#### TONE-COLOR.

This term denotes the effect produced in the verse by the quality of the sounds of the words employed.

The *quality of a sound* depends chiefly upon the ease with which it may be uttered, which nearly corresponds to its vocal-ity or fulness.

According to Professor Bain, easiest of utterance are the vowels; then the consonant-vowels, w and y; then the liquids, l, m, n, ng, r and the sibilants, s, sh, z, zh; next the flat-mutes,

b, v, d, th (the) g ; next the aspirates j, th (thin), h ; and last, the sharp mutes p, t, k.

The employment of a large proportion of vowels and liquids is conducive to melody, while sharp consonants or combinations of consonants without vowels intervening tend to make the language harsh and unmusical.

*Onomatopœia*.—These qualities are used for *Onomatopœic* effect, *i. e.*, to produce harmony of sound and sense, as in the following examples. In the words “caw,” “clang,” “jingle,” “drum,” etc., natural sounds are imitated. In the verses

“The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between,”

the sounds of the liquids and the light vowels in the first verse imitate the tinkling of the little bell used in the service of the mass, while the fuller sounds of the broad vowels of the following lines suggest the deeper tones of the organ and of the voices of the choristers.

“The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel.”

The harsh consonants, or combinations of consonants in these lines are in harmony with the character of the sounds and actions indicated.

“Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies.”

“Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.”

Here the large proportions of vowels and liquids and the easy transitions from one sound to another give a smoothness and melody to the verses that harmonizes with the pictures they convey to the imagination.

*Rhyme*.—An examination of the sounds of the words shade

braid, see be, sung tongue, years ears, page age, awe law, shows (1) that the vowel sounds in each pair are the same ; (2) that if sounds follow these vowels, they too are the same ; (3) that the consonant sounds preceding the vowels are different, or there is an initial consonant in one word and none in the other. Correspondence in the sounds of words under these three conditions constitutes what is called *rhyme*. When the rhyming vowels with the sounds following them form two syllables, as Howard, coward, the rhyme is called *double*. It must be observed that rhyme depends not upon the letters but upon their sounds. Our inconsistent spelling is a prolific source of bad rhymes, so in Tennyson we find "come" used for a rhyme with "home," "move" with "love," etc. The main *function of rhyme* is to mark the ends of the lines. It may also occur in any part of the verse, provided it falls upon words important enough to deserve the emphasis it gives, *e.g.*—

" And two upon the starboard and two upon the larboard lay."

(Rev., l. 48.)

Thus used, it pleases the ear by the variety it gives to the rhythm.

Rhyme is almost invariably used in lyrical poetry, but it is less suited to the easy flow of language demanded by an epic theme. Hence most epics are written without rhyme, or, as it is called, in *blank verse*. The poems "Ulysses" and "Enid" show the skill of Tennyson in this style of poetical composition.

Repetition of like vowel sounds, when the other requisites of rhyme are absent, is called *assonance*.

*Alliteration*.—This term denotes the use of the same initial-sound for two or more accented syllables occurring near one another. The following passage affords an illustration of its use—

" And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer  
sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-  
three."

Observe too the recurrence of the n's and m's, f's and v's in this passage. The *function of alliteration* is to vary the main rhythm of the verse by forming irregular groups. Like other modes of consonantal assimilation, it conduces to melody.

Means very freely employed in poetry to gain FORCE, DIGNITY, or REFINEMENT of style are denoted by the following terms:—

*Iteration.*—The repetition of emphatic words for the sake of force or harmony—

“O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.”

(M. Q., ll. 101-104.)

*Inversion.*—Changing the usual order of words—

“Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.”

(L. H., l. 181.)

*Interrogation.*—Couching a statement in the form of a question—

“God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?”

(Rev., l. 62.)

*Exclamation.*—Giving vent to some strong feeling by using an elliptical or inverted expression—

“Fool, again the dream, the fancy!” (L. H., l. 173).

*Aposiopesis.*—Breaking off a sentence suddenly and giving a new turn to the thought:

“He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—

Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand.”

(L. H., l. 55-56).

*Climax.*—Arranging words or sentences so that there may be a constant rising in power to the conclusion:

“When a wind from the lands they had ruined, awoke from sleep,  
 And the water began to heave, and the weather to moan ;  
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,  
 And the whole sea rose and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain.”  
 (Rev., ll. 112-117).

*Antithesis*.—Placing two expressions opposite in meaning, in close connection, so that each throws the other into strong relief.

“Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”  
 (Ul., ll. 69-70).

*Hyperbole*.—The use of language that transcends the bounds of literal truth:

“We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven.”  
 (Ul., ll. 66-7).

*Litotes*.—The expression of an idea by a negation that stops far short of the actual truth.

“I know you are no coward.”  
 (Rev., l. 8).

*Irony*.—The use of words that express the contrary of what is meant, when no doubt can exist of the falsity of what is assumed as true.

“What is this, his eyes are heavy, think not they are glazed with  
 wine,  
 . . . . .

It may be thy lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought.”  
 (L. H., l. 51 and 53.)

*Apostrophe*.—Addressing an absent or imaginary person or thing as if present.

“Mother age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun.”  
 (L. H., l. 185).

*Vision*.—Bringing before the mind what is absent or imaginary as if it were present.

The diction of poetry gains force by the following modes of abbreviation :—

The *omission of words* not absolutely necessary to the expression of the thought—

“A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear.”

(Sir Gal., ll. 61-62.)

The use of *inflections in place of phrases*—

“His craven pair  
Of comrades making slower at the Prince.”

(Enid, l. 1018.)

The *omission of suffixes*, especially those of adverbs—“Oft,” “after” for afterwards. (Enid, l. 318.)

The assumption of great *freedom in coining compound words*—“Hairy-fibred” (Enid 323), “heavy-blossomed” (L. H. 163).

The use of a word in two senses, as it agrees with two other words—

“My malice is no deeper than a moat.”

(En. 1190.)

The use of the following classes of words is conducive to refinement of style.

*Archaisms*.—The employment, for the sake of the venerable associations connected with what belongs to the part, of words and forms of expression no longer in current use. *e.g.*, “Caitiff,” “thrall,” “costrel,” “manchet.” The use of *th* in place of *s* as a termination for verbs, “hath,” “saith.” The formation of negative and interrogative sentences without using the auxiliary *do*,

“I charge thee, ask not, but obey.”

(En. l. 133.)



The use of old reflexive forms, "Methinks," "she bethought her."

*Non-colloquialisms.*—The avoidance of the commonplace expressions of ordinary speech.

"The stalls are *void*, the doors are wide,  
The *tapers* burning fair."

(Sir Gal., ll. 31-2.)

Consider the effect of substituting, empty, candles, for the words in italics.

*Euphemisms.*—The employment of refined or pleasing terms to denote what is coarse or disagreeable.

"Before the Queen's fair name was breathed upon."

(En., l. 1803).

PICTURESQUENESS and CONCRETENESS of expression are gained by the following means:—

*Word-painting.*—

"And high above a piece of turret stair,  
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd  
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove."

(Enid, ll. 320-5.)

The use of *concrete* expressions in preference to abstract, and of *specific* terms rather than general.

Consider the effect of changing "purple seas" ("You Ask Me Why," l. 4) to warmer climates, or southern lands.

In "The May Queen" (ll. 61-63) the poet speaks of the rook, the plover, the swallow, instead of using the general term birds.

The use of *ornamental epithets*; that is of descriptive qualify-

ing expressions. These may (1) make prominent some characteristic always pertaining to the object—

“The faint, sweet cuckoo flowers,”

(M. Q., l. 30.)

or (2) give elements of form and colour not necessarily belonging to it—

“The tall, white chimney tops.”

(M. Q., l. 56.)

The use of the following figures of speech is conducive to picturesqueness and concreteness of expression :—

*Metaphor*.—Assuming a resemblance by putting the name of that with which something is compared in place of the name of the thing itself—

“I will drink  
Life to the lees :”

(U. L., ll. 6-7.)

*Simile*.—The formal statement of a resemblance, the thing compared and that with which it is compared both being named—

“Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro’ the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.”

(L. H., ll. 9 and 10.)

*Personification*.—Endowing inanimate things with the attributes of persons—

“And in its season being the law  
That from Discussion’s lip may fall.”

(L. T. T. L., ll. 32-33.)

*Allegory*.—Assuming a resemblance and carrying it out into detail as a narrative.

Tennyson, in the Dedication of “The Idylls of the King,” speaks of the poem as “shadowing sense at war with soul,”

hence the work is sometimes called an allegory. In the strict sense of the word, however, it is not applicable here. The various characters and incidents do not stand for any underlying ideas or thoughts : they illustrate rather than prefigure the conflict between sensuality and spirituality.

*Synecdoche*.—Allowing the name of some part of an object to stand for the whole, or that of the whole for a part—

“ It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth.”

(UL, l. 1 and 2.)

*Distribution*.—Naming a number of important parts instead of the whole—

“ Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their  
flags,”

(Rev., l. 116.)

*Metonymy*.—Using in place of the name of an object that of some thing or of some attribute associated with it—

“ To whom I leave the sceptre.”

(UL, l. 34.)

*Periphrase*.—The use of a descriptive phrase in place of a name—

“ When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep.”

(Rev., l. 112.)

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## SELECTED GENERAL CRITICISMS ON THE POEMS PRINTED IN THIS VOLUME.

"*The May Queen*."—In the *May Queen* the melody of the lyric is wedded to the sentiment and picture of the "*Idyll*." More dewy, fresh, pathetic native verse had not been written since the era of "*As You like It*" and "*A Winter's Tale*."—*Stedman*.

"*You Ask Me why*," "*Of Old Sat Freedom*," "*Love Thou Thy Land*."—"These three poems "form a group of political poems—the only ones Tennyson has written. The third would make a very excellent statesman's creed or practical guide—with its wise liberalism, and its wise conservatism, without both of which no modern statesman can be great, or useful to his age."—*Tainsh, study of Tennyson*.

"*Ulysses*."—"For virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank-verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the "*Ulysses*." Conception, imagery and thought are royally imaginative, and the assured hand is Tennyson's throughout."—*Stedman*.

"*Locksley Hall*."—"The harp of life struck by the hand of love was heard in '*Locksley Hall*' discoursing new and most eloquent music; the moorland was there found to be dreary, and the shore barren, when the light of love was withdrawn. The influence of happy affection and the reverse was told once and forever in *Locksley Hall*."—*Peter Bayne*.

"*Locksley Hall*, though rhythmically considered an exception to Tennyson's previous poems, is of its sort an absolute masterpiece. No lyre ever voiced the wild and yet melodious raptures of passion more deeply and powerfully."—*Bayne*.

"Here is the modern lover reciting '*Locksley Hall*,' which,

despite its sentimental egotism and consolation of the heart by the head, has fine metrical quality, is fixed in literature and furnishes genuine illustrations of the poet's time."—*Stedman*.

"Yet the men who looked closer saw that there was a fire of passion under this smooth surface . . . . We have found anew the free action of full emotion, and recognized the voice of a man in the verses of 'Locksley Hall.'"—(ll. 21-56).—*Taine*.

In the main thread of this poem there is nothing very striking—the beauties lie in the incidental thoughts and sentiments; many of these are very noble and exquisitely expressed."—*Tainsh*.

"'Locksley Hall' is a magnificent exception to Tennyson's general habit, its trochaic measure being superbly adapted for the expression of passion, and itself being incomparably the finest of trochaic melody in the language.—*Bayne*.

"*St. Agnes*" and "*Sir Galahad*."—"Purest and highest of all the lyrical pieces are 'St. Agnes' and 'Sir Galahad,' full of white light, and each a stainless idealization of its theme. 'Sir Galahad' must be recited by a clarion voice, ere one can fully appreciate the sounding melody, the knightly heroic ring. The poet has never chanted a more ennobling strain."—*Stedman*.

"Sir Galahad is a noble picture of a religious knight. He is almost as much a mystic as a soldier; both a monk and a warrior of the ideal type. He foregoes the world as much as if he lived within the monastery walls, and esteems his sword as sacred to the service of God as if it were a cross. His rapture is altogether that of the mystic. He is almost a St. Agnes, exchanging only the rapture of passivity for the transport of exultant effort. . . . He is just the embodiment of the noblest and the strongest tendencies of the chivalric age."—*Tainsh*.

"*Enid*."—"But in 'Geraint and Enid' there is a cloud upon the sky, a trouble in the air. The fatal love of Launcelot and

Guinevere has already begun to poison the court with suspicions and scandals. It is in this brooding and electrical atmosphere that jealousy in the person of Geraint comes into conflict with loyalty, in the person of Enid."—*Vandyke*.

"Enid while upon a lower level (than Guinevere, Elaine and Vivien) is clear and strong, and shows a freedom from mannerism characteristic of the author's best period."—*Stedman*.

"So far as the outward form of the *Idylls* is concerned, they belong unquestionably to the very first rank of English verse. In music of rhythm, in beauty of diction, in richness of illustration, they are unsurpassed..... They combine in a rare way two qualities which seem irreconcilable,—delicacy and grandeur, the power of observing the most minute details and painting them with absolute truth of touch, and the power of clothing large thoughts in simple, vigorous, sweeping words. .... They are full of little pictures which show that Tennyson has studied Nature at first hand, and that he understands how to catch and reproduce the most fleeting and delicate expressions of her face. Take, for instance, some of his studies of trees." (Cf. *Enid*, l. 339)..... "Not less exact is his knowledge of the birds that haunt the forests and the fields. He has seen the

‘ Careful robins eye the delver’s toil,’

and listened to

‘ The great plover’s human whistle.’

. . . . He knows, also, how the waters flow and fall in the streams ; how a wild brook

“ Slopes o’er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it.”

. . . . Most wonderful of all is his knowledge of the sea, and his power to describe it.” (Cf. *Enid*, l. 1543.)

“ But if it should be asserted that lines like these prove the

fineness of Tennyson's art rather than the greatness of his poetry, the assertion might be granted, and still we should be able to support the larger claim by pointing to passages in 'The Idylls' which are unquestionably magnificent,—great not only in expression, but great also in thought. There are single lines which have the felicity and force of epigrams. . . . There are longer passages in which the very highest truths are uttered without effort, and in language so natural and inevitable that we have to look twice before we realize its grandeur. Take for example the description of human error in 'Geraint and Enid'—

“O purblind race of miserable men,  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,  
By taking true for false, or false for true ;  
Here thro' the feeble twilight of this world  
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach  
That other, where we see as we are seen.”

(Enid, ll. 852-858.)

—Vandyke.

“This time (in 'The Idylls of the King') he has become epic, antique and ingenious, like Homer, and like the old *trouvères* of the *chansons de Geste*. It is pleasant to quit our learned civilization, to rise again to primitive age and manners, to listen to the peaceful discourse which flows copiously and slowly as a river in a smooth channel.”—*Taine*.

“*In the Children's Hospital*.”—“This is the most absolutely pathetic poem known to me.”—*Palgrave*.

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OPINIONS OF CRITICS ON THE SUBJECT-MATTER  
OF TENNYSON'S WORKS.

"It seems to me that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declared him to be, by eminence, the representative poet of the recent era. Not, like one or another of his compeers, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction.

"Years have strengthened my belief that a future age will regard him, independently of his merits, as bearing this relation to his period. In his verse he is as truly 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' of the Victorian generation in the nineteenth century as Spencer was of the Elizabethan court, Milton of the Protectorate, Pope of the reign of Queen Anne. During his supremacy there have been few great leaders, at the head of different schools, such as belonged to the time of Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats. His poetry has gathered all the elements which find vital expression in the complex modern art."—*Stedman's "Victorian Poets."*

"The cast of Tennyson's intellect is such that his social rank, his training at an old university, and his philosophic learning have bred in him a liberal conservatism. Increase of name and of fame has strengthened his inclination to accept things as they are, and, while recognizing the law of progress, to make no undue effort to hasten the order of events. He sees that 'the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,' but is not the man to lead a reform, or to disturb the pleasant conditions in which his lot is cast. No personal wrong has allied him to the oppressed and struggling classes, yet he is too intellectual not to perceive that such wrongs exist.



It must be remembered that Shakespeare and Goethe were no more heroic.

"Just so with his religious attitude. Reverence for beauty would of itself dispose him to love the ivied church, with all its art, and faith, and ancestral legendary associations; and therefore, while amply reflecting in his verse the doubt and disquiet of the age, his tranquil sense of order, together with the failure of iconoclasts to substitute any creed for that which they are breaking down, have brought him to the position of stanch Sir William Petty (obit 1687), who wrote in his will these memorable words: 'As for religion, I die in the profession of that Faith, and in the practice of such Worship, as I find established by the law of my country, not being able to believe what I myself please, nor to worship God better than by doing as I would be done unto, and observing the laws of my country, and expressing my love and honour unto Almighty God by such signs and tokens as are understood to be such by the people with whom I live, God knowing my heart even without any at all.'"—*Stedman*.

"Possessing an intimate knowledge of nature, Tennyson puts his knowledge to a distinctive use. He does not make it the subject of his poetry. Everywhere his poetry is about man. Yet everywhere nature enters largely into his poetry. He does not draw the man, and then draw the nature around him; but he enters into the man, and sees nature through his eyes, nature at the same time so adapting herself to the mood of the man that her spirit and his seem one."—*Twinsh*.

"No poet more fully recognizes his duty as a teacher than Tennyson, but no poet is less explicitly didactic. He remembers that he is an artist, not a divine—a poet, not a moralist. So his moral teachings are rendered in the concrete, not in the abstract form, and shine out of his characters rather than are uttered by or for them. . . . To present a human character radiant with moral beauty—that is his way of preaching a poet-sermon."—*Twinsh*.

"From whatever side he approaches the subject (marriage), whether he is painting with delicate, felicitous touches the happiness of truly-wedded hearts, or denouncing the sin of avarice and pride which corrupt the modern marriage-mart of society, or tracing the secret evil which poisoned the court of Arthur and shamed the golden head of Guinevere, his ideal is always the perfect and deathless union of two lives in one, 'which is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men.'"—*H. Vandyke.*

"There are many places in the poems of Tennyson where he speaks with bitterness of the falsehood and evil that are in the world, the corruptions of society, the downward tendencies in human nature. He is in no sense a rose-water optimist. But he is in the truest sense a meliorist. He doubts not that

'Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

He believes that good

"Shall be the final goal of ill."

—*H. Vandyke.*

"For Tennyson is the prophet simply of a spiritual universe; the proclaimer of man's spirit as part and parcel of that universe, and indestructible as the very root of things. And in these beliefs, though science may not prove them, there is nothing which can conflict with science, for they do but assert in the first place that the universe is infinite in more ways than our instruments can measure; in the second place that evolution, which is the law for the material universe, is the law for virtue as well."—*Fred W. H. Myers.*

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## CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE STYLE OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

"That the body of beauty is found everywhere throughout his writings, there can be no doubt. Of mere sound beauty the poems are full; in metrical beauty and variety they are singularly rich; the very rhymes oftentimes hold you in surprise at their abundance and spontaneity.

"I spoke of the vague pictorial power of Tennyson's language. A step on from this leads us to the observation of the keen flashing power of his words, due to their often presenting instantaneously and vividly, just those qualities in the thought or the thing, pertinent to the situation in which that thought or thing presents itself. Epithets form the crucial test of the poet. . . . . The epithets of the true poet are full of revealing power. All men see as much of the thing as the noun expresses. The poet sees more, and his epithet reveals the more which he sees."—*Tainsh*.

"Tennyson's diction and melody are in perfect harmony with his imaginative faculty. To describe his command of language by any ordinary terms, expressive of fluency or force, would be to convey an idea both inadequate and erroneous. It is not only that he knows every word in the language suited to express his every idea; he can select with the ease of magic the word that of all others is best for his purpose; nor is it that he can at once summon to his aid the best word the language affords; with an art that Shakespeare never scrupled to apply, though in our day it is apt to be counted mere Germanism and pronounced contrary to the genius of the language, he combines old words into new epithets, he daringly mingles old colors to bring out new tints that never were on sea or shore. . . . . He must have been born with an ear for verbal sounds,

an instinctive appreciation of the beautiful and delicate in words, hardly ever equalled."—*Bayne*.

"Tennyson's choice of measure, and general sense of rhythm and melody, correspond accurately with the order of his imagination, and the pearly delicacy of his diction. It, too, generally requires for its full appreciation, an ear that will listen carefully and even permit itself to be tuned to the melody. There is rarely that instantaneous attractiveness which a well-known measure, handled with any novelty or skill, is sure to possess ; . . . . In almost every case, the radical metrical foot is the iambus, that most deeply consistent with the genius of the English tongue, but that, also, affording the poet the least resource in dashing turns or sounding cadences, and forcing him to trust most exclusively to his real power, to the gold seen gleaming beneath the pellucid current of his verse."—*Bayne*.

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"Reviewing our analysis of his genius and works, we find in Alfred Tennyson the true poetic irritability, a sensitiveness increased by his secluded life, and displayed from time to time in 'the least little touch of the spleen'; we perceive him to be the most faultless of modern poets in technical execution, but one whose verse is more remarkable for artistic perfection than for dramatic action and inspired fervor. His adroitness surpasses his invention. Give him a theme, and no poet can handle it so exquisitely,—yet we feel that with the Mallory legends to draw upon, he could go on writing 'Idylls of the King' forever. We find him objective in the spirit of his verse, but subjective in the decided manner of his style; possessing a sense of proportion, based upon the highest analytic and synthetic powers—a faculty that can harmonize the incongruous thoughts, scenes

and general details of a composite period ; in thought resembling Wordsworth ; in art instructed by Keats, but rejecting the passion of Byron, or having nothing in his nature that aspires to it ; finally, an artist so perfect in a widely extended range that nothing of his work can be spared, and in this respect approaching Horace and outvying Pope ; not one of the great wits nearly allied to madness, yet possibly to be accepted as a wiser poet, serene above the frenzy of the storm ; certainly to be regarded in time to come, as, all in all, the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian age."—*Stedman's Victorian Poets.*

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